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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

Two exploits which in callous cruelty surpass the records even of this war stand this week to the account of the German submarines. The "Aguila," bound for Lisbon, attempted, near Pembroke, to escape from U28. She was overtaken (for the more recent craft can steam 18 knots), and the crew were only allowed four minutes to leave the ship. While they were still getting into the boats, the Germans fired on them with shrapnel, killing and wounding several, including a woman. Twenty-six persons are missing, and twenty were saved. The "Morning Post" states that after this atrocity the Germans stopped a trawler and sent her to look for the "Aguila's" boats. The statement is not supported, but in any case it does not excuse the lawless wickedness of the original act. The Dempster liner "Falaba," carrying a crew of ninety and 160 passengers, was torpedoed before the boats could be got out, and of four boats which were launched, three foundered, some accidentally, but one apparently by a shell or torpedo. The ship sank rapidly, and all on board were flung into the water. A trawler came up promptly, and saved 140 persons who had kept afloat with lifebelts. Several of the survivors state that the crew of the submarine jeered at them when they were in the water; in any case the submarine certainly made no attempt to save them. This murderous cruelty is, of course, sanctioned by the German Admiralty. But is the German nation ready to write itself down as a barbarous people? We wonder. British comments, we suppose, go for little with them. But they

may still read the American press. Meanwhile, the war on neutrals goes on. The Dutch vessel "Honstel" was sunk by a German mine off Flamborough, but her crew was saved.

On Monday Mr. Lloyd George received a deputation from the Shipbuilding Employers' Federation, when a striking appeal was made to the Government to introduce prohibition, on the ground that drinking habits were seriously restricting the production of munitions. The speakers contended that though work was going on seven days a week, night and day, the output was actually less than the normal, and argued that 80 per cent. of the time lost was caused by drink. Reducing hours was not enough, for certain public-houses had increased their takings, though open for shorter hours. Moreover, there was more buying of spirits by the bottle for consumption elsewhere. In these ways efficiency and discipline suffered, and as long as public-houses were open at all, it was inevitable that men should leave their work or come late, and the work of other branches was disorganized in consequence. In one yard the riveters had only been working thirty-six hours a week, and a whole day was sometimes lost in the repairing of a battleship. It was not drunkenness, so much as the drinking habit, that was causing all the waste of energy and time.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE received this statement with the gravity it deserved. He said that he had been making a careful observation himself, and that he had a growing conviction that nothing but root and branch methods would be effective. It was now coming to be recognized generally that if we were to settle German militarism we must first of all settle with the drink. "We are fighting Germany, Austria, and drink, and as far as I can see, the greatest of these three deadly foes is drink." Success in the war was now purely a question of munitions. That was the conviction of Sir John French and of Lord Kitchener as well. All that we required in order to win was an increase, and an enormous increase, in shells, rifles, and other munitions. He promised that the Cabinet would give careful consideration to this statement, and he added that the King was deeply concerned.

THE facts put before Mr. Lloyd George certainly call for some remedy, and there is a growing demand for prohibition; a demand pressed by some of the working-class leaders. We have to recognize the special circumstances of these armament workers, who have been subjected to excessive strain; they are not the only set of people who go to spirits for refreshment and consolation when tired and depressed. But it would obviously be outrageous that men who have offered their lives to the nation should be sacrificed to the refusal of some of their fellow-countrymen to deny themselves a disabling solace. That the nation and its soldiers and sailors must be protected from such consequences as their employers describe is manifest. We cannot so distinguish between the soldier and the citizen at home as to ask from one man his life and from the other man not even a change of habit. We ought all to emulate the potato-bread spirit of Ger-

many, and to regard every man and every woman as under the same moral discipline.

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To what conclusion does such reasoning point? To prohibition, but only if milder measures cannot guarantee the nation against the disorganization of its war equipment and the reduction of its war efficiency. What would all our boasted resolution look like if we cannot even make this sacrifice for our country? But there must be no class measure, and therefore we would make an appeal to the members of the Government to set the nation an example. If every member of the House of Commons and every member of the House of Lords would promise on his honor to renounce all drink until the end of the war, they would satisfy the demand of the transport workers who ask, and ask rightly, for strict equality in this sacrifice. Prohibition would have to be universal, applying to clubs as well as to public-houses, and to the sale of every kind of excisable drink; but if Members of Parliament took this open step it would soon be regarded as bad form for anybody in society to offer or to accept a glass of wine. The moral effect of such a general and public act of renunciation would be immediate and widespread. There would then be no suspicion of class justice or class favoritism in Prohibition. Of course, Prohibition would involve compensation, but that would be, in comparison, a light charge on the energy of the nation.

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MEANWHILE, the Government must not assume that the statements of the shipowners and of the Bradford manufacturers as to the drink evil and the demoralization of the workmen are accepted by the workmen. On the contrary, the Boilermakers' Society, an old and very powerful trade union, has issued an indignant repudiation. The tales of the Shipbuilding Federation, says its manifesto, are the old misrepresentations and exaggerations, and the deficiency of output for Government jobs is largely due to the employers' refusal to release men from more profitable private work. The Boilermakers' leaders insist that their men are being made scapegoats, and that Mr. Lloyd George has too lightly endorsed these charges. Some representative trade-union leaders, like Mr. Gosling, admit a serious recourse to drinking; but others write in more qualified terms, and insist on the influence of fatigue from overstrain, a perfectly truthful statement, attested by many medical men. The Government should, we think, act with caution, and by no means on a one-sided statement of the case.

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THE military news has been this week meagre almost beyond precedent. The advance which began last week in Alsace, up the slopes of the Hartmannsweilerkopf, has ended in the capture of the summit by the French. The Germans had converted it into a regular fortress, hoisting guns up to it by cables. While they held it, they barred the French advance to Mulhausen and the plains of Alsace. They still hold entrenched positions below it, but the key to this country is now, after a brilliant and steady effort, definitely in French hands. On the Russian front (apart from the dashing but unimportant raid on Memel) interest centres on the influence which the fall of Przemyśl must have on the campaign in the Carpathians. Fighting continues in the passes, and what looked like an important Russian success was announced at the end of last week on the summit of the Lupkow Pass. There is, however, no indication as yet in the very reticent official news of a considerable change in the prospects of this campaign. Time must be allowed for the repair of the railways through Przemyśl, and for the transference of the

investing army to the passes. The advance will evidently be made against Hungary, and not as yet against Cracow.

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THERE has been no renewal of the attack in force in the Dardanelles. The weather has been unfavorable, but it is said that fresh ships have been sent to reinforce the fleet, eight battleships in all, and the attempt will presently be renewed with even greater determination. The mine-sweepers meanwhile have been busy, covered by the fire of the fleet. The Turks are, of course, elated by their success, but they are preparing for further attacks, and General Liman von Sanders has been appointed to the command of the Dardanelles, in place of Djavad Pasha. German telegrams state that four guns were destroyed in the last bombardment. They admit that our ships aimed well, but state, none the less, that little destruction resulted. The Russian fleet has meanwhile closed the mouth of the Bosphorus, bombarded the outer forts, and repulsed some Turkish destroyers which tried to sally out. The forts of the Bosphorus are not thought to be so strong as those of the Dardanelles, the passage is much shorter, and the current from the Black Sea forbids the use of drifting mines or torpedoes. But it is hardly likely that the Russian fleet, which includes no modern ships, is equal to the task of forcing these Straits unaided.

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THE next big move at the Dardanelles may involve the activity of the Allied Expeditionary Force. It is at present in Mudros Bay, the deep-water inlet in the isle of Lemnos, which the Allies have occupied. A rather delicate diplomatic question is raised by the recent sudden change in Greek policy. Lemnos has been *de facto* in Greek possession since 1912, and the Conference of London adjudicated it to Greece, subject to the proviso that it should not be fortified. Some details of the general question of the Aegean Islands had not, however, been definitely settled, nor had the Turks ever formally ceded Lemnos to Greece. This latter fact supplies the justification for the action of the Allies. M. Venizelos (as a German telegram states) may very probably have sanctioned the occupation of the island. The same telegram goes on to allege that his successor, M. Gounaris, has protested against the Allied occupation as a violation of Greek neutrality. A semi-official Foreign Office statement declares, however, that Greece has raised no objection. Any complication there may be, is clearly due to the sudden fall of M. Venizelos. He had gone so far as to collect a Greek expeditionary force, and in these circumstances it was natural that we should seek, and that he should give, permission to use the facilities of Lemnos.

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JAPAN has this week passed through a General Election, which is said to have resulted in a complete success for the Government of Count Okuma and M. Kato. There had been for several years signs of a vehement reaction against the policy of lavish military expenditure. Japan spends just half her revenue on her army and navy, but the electors may possibly have reckoned that the quasi-protectorate which the Okuma Ministry is now imposing on China, promised substantial economic returns for this expenditure. The negotiations over the Japanese demands drag on at Tokio. Nominally as a "relief" to the garrisons, the Japanese force of occupation has been doubled at Port Arthur and Tsingtau, and the Japanese press hints that this army will be used to overcome China's hesitation. Anti-Japanese feeling runs high in the ports, but the President has so far been able to pre-

vent an outbreak, which would merely serve to give some show of justification to measures of coercion.

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THE Russian press, meanwhile, in spite of the delicacy of the diplomatic position, has begun, though with much reticence and in a tone of politeness, to criticize the Japanese demands. For our part, we think the friendly course is also the frank course. Japan will be ill-advised if she should press all these demands. They range from a rich and varied list of industrial concessions, through local privileges amounting to the recognition of "spheres of influence," up to general pretensions to a veto on Chinese loans and official appointments, which really amount to a claim of suzerainty. It is, on the one hand, quite possible that Japan will be able to carry out this programme without serious opposition—while the war lasts. But she can hardly be indifferent to British opinion, and even more important than our opinion is our finance, for she depends on foreign loans. The basis of the Alliance itself was the formal guarantee which both Powers gave to respect and defend the integrity and independence of China.

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It is curious that newspapers that were very loud in denouncing the workmen who objected to arbitration have taken very little notice of the defiance of the Board of Trade by a more important body. Lord Devonport has written to the papers to say that he will not accept arbitration on the question of the war bonus given by the Port of London Authority, because he knows much better than the Board of Trade, because the Port of London Authority cannot afford to give any more, and because that Authority has given more than other people. No doubt the Birkenhead dockers, who take up the same position as Lord Devonport, would make much the same defence, and they will find his example very inspiring. But when workpeople are slow to recognize the special claims and circumstances of the crisis, it is generally pleaded on their behalf that they are not alive to the gravity of the situation. Can Lord Devonport, who has received the honors and prizes of public life, make the same plea? It looks very much as if he interprets business as usual to mean that he is to be just as bitter an enemy of trade unionism in war as in peace. The employers at Birkenhead would tell him what is wrong there is that the trade unions are not strong enough. The unions are trying to get the men to work, but so far with only partial success.

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THE headmaster of Eton, Dr. Lyttelton, has been taken to task for an indiscreet utterance on German and British relationships. Dr. Lyttelton said some things which needed saying and others which had better not have been said just now or at all. It was quite right to suggest (this week of all others) that however deep German soldiers and sailors have sunk in barbarous feeling and practice, we ought not to make war "as swash-bucklers, or bandits, or heathen men," but in the spirit of a people trying to right what they think is a great wrong. It was wise, too, to say that if the settlement is to be good and lasting, we and all the great nations must reconcile ourselves to making some sacrifices of pride or ambition in order to achieve it. But Dr. Lyttelton went further, and following a German Socialist proposal, hinted that we might exchange an internationalized Gibraltar for an internationalized Kiel Canal. That strikes us as crude and previous. We are not likely to go as far as that in the process of internationalizing the great keys to the world's waterways. If Dr. Lyttelton had said that the peace ought to do

something for the freedom of the sea as well as of the land, we should have agreed with him.

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WELL-INFORMED observers have come to the conclusion that Italy, after apparently approaching the moment of decision, has postponed the abandonment of her neutrality, and once more relapsed into watchful waiting. Rumor is, on the other hand, inclined to suggest that Bulgaria is now more favorable to the Triple Entente, and British diplomacy is said to have given a pledge about Macedonia which has done much to win her confidence. Germany applied the other day to Roumania for leave to transport a German army corps through her territory to Turkey. It is satisfactory that permission was refused, but the fact that Germany dared to make this application at all, suggests that the current view in France and England about the Roumanian attitude is a little premature. If it is true that the Young Turks propose to remove to Adrianople, should Constantinople become untenable, it is evident that they have few apprehensions about Bulgaria. The mischief of undue optimism about the intentions of the neutrals is that it leads us to forget that none of them will come in save on their own terms. The moral is obvious. Constantinople must be taken by a combination of gunfire and diplomacy. Meanwhile, if Italy moves, Roumania will probably move with her. Doubtless Italy's action would be much assisted by a definite clearing-up of her relations with France.

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THE regulations as to the trial of persons charged with offences under the Defence of the Realm Amendment Act have now been framed under an Order in Council. We note that full effect is given to the promises made to Parliament, and the right to trial by jury is restored to British subjects. But there is some question as to whether the Poor Prisoners Defence Act will be available to prisoners who are too poor to get legal aid. The theory of the law, although curtailed by recent practice, is that the citizen put upon his defence should be enabled to present it to the Court with public assistance, if necessary. In face of the doubt whether this right is to be extended to defendants under the Defence of the Realm Act, some announcement ought to be made by the Attorney-General. We have no doubt, however, that the Government intend that the practice of helping necessitous prisoners shall be continued under the new Act.

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SUCH comments on the progress of the war, and such hints about the settlement as can be found in the German press, still betray a hard and unyielding temper. How far it is bluff, how far it really springs from an unshaken confidence in complete victory, the subtlest psychologist might hesitate to decide. But more interesting than these articles, which are addressed primarily to the German public, are the declarations made abroad. At a public meeting in America, Herr Dernburg, who is the appointed spokesman of his country, declared that Germany would not insist on holding on to Belgium, because it was always a mistake to annex alien races. He qualified this pronouncement by explaining that it was only his personal opinion. One has to set this feeler (addressed to America) beside the recent suggestion to France that while some of Alsace might be ceded, Flanders would be retained. German diplomacy is clearly feeling its way. The first step towards peace is that it should realize the adamant decision of the Allies that Belgium must be restored and compensated. The conclusion from these hints would seem to be that Germany no longer hopes for a conclusive victory.

Politics and Affairs.

THE LEGACY OF BISMARCK.

THE centenary of the birth of Bismarck comes as a grim coincidence in the midst of the greatest of European conflicts. It will turn men's minds on to the difficult and never resolved question of individual responsibility for the larger events and movements of history. Certainly it was Bismarck who made the State-Germany that made this war. That he would never have entered on it as an executive statesman, and that, foreseeing it as the result of defects in his new master's education and temperament, he forebode its issue* is a measure of his insight into the sequences of things, and his sense of the peril in which Europe stood. He had set immense forces at work, and the later part of his career was largely devoted to keeping them under control. His general policy was simple. Peace was to be kept with Russia, and a free hand given her for development in the Near East, while the Austrian alliance guarded Germany against an attack on her Eastern frontiers, France and England were kept in mutually hostile play, and Italy and France antagonized through Tunis. Here, as elsewhere, his touch was cautious and tentative. The greatest modern adept in scientific politics, he endeavored to keep his vision of the world in harmony with his conception of the part that New Germany was to play in it. This was essentially static. He had accepted with some reluctance the military view of what the Franco-German frontiers should be. "I do not like so many Frenchmen living in our house against their wills," he said, when the annexation of Metz and part of Lorraine was under debate. "I do not want any colonies at all," he insisted at a later date. He seemed to perceive that the days of limited wars for definite objects—the wars which he himself had waged—were over. The next war would "bleed white," and the great master of realistic politics might well have looked to it as an immeasurable as well as an evil event.

But was not the war inherent in the Bismarckian Germany, in its materialism, its militarism, its scheme of autocratic and centralized government, in the singularly complete surrender of the German people's will, first, to the direction of Prussia, and, secondly, to the will of the State? Here let us distinguish. Bismarck did not envisage a world-Power, compassing sea and land, displacing England on the water and Russia in Asia and Eastern Europe. He organized Germany for German folk. Like most Protectionists, he regarded commerce as a kind of war, but he did not see his Germans "travelling in" the business of general dominion, as well as in the deadlier merchandize of hate and intrigue. What he had moulded from his firm will and wide knowledge of the world he imagined of one piece, not as a kind of semi-Roman permeation of civilized and uncivilized

peoples, backed by diplomats, fleets, and armies, and kept alive by flamboyant oratory and curt reminders of German power. Did he produce the impression that this was the kind of Germany that he had formed or wished to form? He did, for this was the temper of the man and the spirit of his statesmanship. The conception arose both from the inevitable defects of his plan and from the conditions into which it was born. German Imperialism, as Mr. Toynbee points out,* found the best places of the world occupied already, and, turning to the one lesson its great modern master had taught it, thought of force, or of industrial enterprise backed by force, as the key for opening them. She did not stand alone. The doctrine was current and popular; we ourselves had powerful exponents of it. But it was Bismarck who made it the intellectual fashion.

Bismarck made another significant contribution to the Germany of to-day. He was, perhaps, the greatest journalist who ever lived. For this work he had every qualification. The innumerable *précis* of leading articles which Busch translated into the current tongue of journalism were models of statement, suggestion, or personal mischief. They were designed impartially for all men and nations, especially for those which it was desirable to puzzle or to frighten or to embroil with each other. He used his vast knowledge, his fertile mind, his malicious insight into personal foibles, to check every kind of movement that seemed to threaten his own scheme of polity. He turned his pen, or that of his satellites, on to Royalties, diplomats, or mere creatures of a Court, attacking his own Master or Mistress, under a dozen disguising visors, and using the English or the French press when his own would not serve. He could write (or cause to be written) an agreeably spiced essay on Queen Victoria's limitations as a woman, or the intellectual eccentricities of the King of Sweden. A great deal of truth was told in these communications, with the aim of getting it believed or disbelieved. Above all, a continuous and minute direction was given to the political mind of Germany, which, under its pressure, became and remains, of all the nations, the most helpless victim to newspaper "suggestion." This wonderful manager dealt with three great forces, the natural submissiveness of an intellectual but an easily influenced people, the Prussian leadership which he instituted, and the autocratic monarchical and military power on which that leadership rested. Is it wonderful that, as nothing stands still, this force has broken the mould which Bismarck's humor and sense of proportion assigned to it, that it has become harder and bolder than even he meant it to be, and has half-consciously turned his limiting formula of "Germany for the Germans" into "The World for Germany"? The younger men did not, indeed, know what he knew. They did not, for example, realize that it was one thing to dislike or check England, and another to challenge her place on the seas. They learned everything from him but his moderation. They did not realize that his most successful war was his shortest, and his most durable peace the least vindictive. But they had rightly interpreted the genius of his career. The idea of Force entered through

* "In such a war we should not be so very certain to win, while it would be a great misfortune even if we were victorious, as in any case we would lose a great deal of blood and treasure, and also suffer a considerable indirect damage through the interruption of work and trade, and we should never be able to take anything from the French and Russians that would compensate us for our losses. . . . No real confidence could be placed in Italy which would resume her irredentist claims against Austria."—Busch. Vol. III., p. 182.

* "Nationality and War." By Arnold Toynbee. (J. M. Dent & Sons.)

him into the soul of the nations, and is now doing its work on their body. The great realist laughed or drove away the old German sentimentalism. But the spiritual idealism of Germany did not die. It only took a grosser, a less human, form.

Yet we shall be wise if, when we come to deal with Germany as an essentially defeated force, we remember that all of it which was best was a true work of nationality. Bismarck chose to develop on the lines of monarchy and absolutism instead of on those of Parliamentary government. It is open to his admirers to say that he had no alternative, that he gave Germany what she wanted, and what, after the failure of 1848, was nearest to her history and her traditional life. Bismarck was something of a wizard, and could divine the hearts of his countrymen. If we try to root out what grew there naturally as the result of his planting, if we think that exterior force can do for a people what can only come of interior thought and struggle, we shall commit on a grand scale the same error into which Bismarck fell when he assented to the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine. In that his genius betrayed him, and there was hardly a year of his later life which was not devoted to repairing some of its consequences. The great war is largely the result of a defeated and disappointed nationalism. We shall not end it by seeking merely to disjoint the most powerfully cemented national structure of the nineteenth century.

OUR NEW TIES WITH FRANCE.

AMID all the desolating sorrows of the war, there is a steady gleam of light and hope in the promise of a deep and lasting friendship with the people of France. In the early phases of the Revolution it was the dream of the most generous spirits in both countries—of Mirabeau and Danton, of Fox and Priestley—that the two nations would unite in defending liberal ideas from the crusade of kings. *Dis aliter visum*. And the wars that ravaged Europe during the next twenty years were in their main and essential character the fierce and stubborn climax of the long series of duels that had made up so large a part of the history of the two peoples—the climax in both senses, for if it was the most bitter, it was, happily, the last of the wars between Britain and France. Their armies have stood since side by side, but never face to face. But the kind of spiritual friendship for which some enthusiastic Englishmen hoped in those first days has never come to life. Britain and France were sometimes polite neighbors, sometimes suspicious neighbors, sometimes quarrelling neighbors; lately they have been friendly neighbors; they were never *participes curarum*. Nobody could apply Bacon's phrase to the Allies in the Crimean War, and on other occasions when they both desired the same development in Europe they mistrusted each other. We have only to recall all the moods and qualms of British Ministers at successive stages in the liberation of Italy—a consummation in which both peoples have a share.

By friendship we mean, of course, something much more than a guiding sense of common interests

and common convenience. We mean by it a relation springing from a true appreciation and sympathy, and it is precisely that appreciation that has been lacking in our regard for France. And the cause, we think, is to be found in the circumstances of our history and in a particular manifestation of our insular spirit and pride. In Europe, almost every nation remembers something against France; but in every nation there has remained the tradition, nursed by Liberals and revolutionaries, of the great emancipations that France bestowed or inspired. For them the French Revolution has meant, here the Code Napoléon, there the escape from serfdom, somewhere else the beginning of a long national struggle for freedom and popular rights. In Germany and Italy, as Professor Fisher has said, the codes meant liberty. Hence, from the beginning of the last century the Liberals and revolutionaries everywhere have looked to France as their Mecca, and she has played a part played by no other Power. That character has remained to her for, though Napoleon the Third's reign was full of disaster for France, the victor of Solferino lives longer in the memory than the ruler who sent Oudinot's little army to crush the Republic of Rome.

Now we, in Great Britain, are outside this world of gratitude and veneration. We never took the Code Napoléon from France; we took from her rule no lessons in the art of government or the first experiments of freedom. And the noble place she holds in the history of Europe has rarely been appreciated in a nation which flatters itself that it has developed its own institutions along its own lines, and that nobody else had anything to teach it in respect of liberty or justice. To most Britons at a time when all the ardent spirits of Europe were looking to Paris for inspiration, France was merely a foreign country, and the country with which we had happened to fight more often and more bitterly than any other. This tradition of France as a dangerous neighbor, alien in religion and in politics, governed the mind of the average Briton, and, though the Revolution itself had influenced and kindled the impulse of reform in England for a time, our reform movement followed other lines, and the enthusiasts who in other countries would have thought of France as their spiritual home, thought of themselves here as reviving the ancient liberties of Britons. The tie that gave France her admirers in every European nation was never formed here. It is not surprising, then, that the reasons Europe had for gratitude to France were only realized here as a rule by students and thinkers and poets, and that the great overwhelming debt Europe owes to the French Revolution never became a great popular tradition among us. There has been, indeed, from time to time, a disposition to depreciate that debt, and for many years a school flourished on the doctrine that everything that was of value in Europe had a German origin, and that we in particular were most ourselves when we tried to be as like the Germans as possible. It was only among a few public men like Lord Morley and the late Liberal Prime Minister, and among men of letters like Meredith and Swinburne, that there survived a full sense of the great spiritual achievements of France.

The war has changed all this. For months the two

peoples have stood and fought side by side defending all that is of value in western civilization against a power that threatens the life and freedom of liberal nations. The war began with a challenge to the principle of nationality, east and west. Serbia was to lose her right to govern herself; Belgium was no longer to be mistress of her own territory. France and Britain are spending all their power and strength in withstanding this tyranny, and this common sacrifice will be the seal of a new and binding friendship. It teaches both nations that they have a common inheritance in the civilization that is now menaced by military power; they are not merely good neighbors, or nations brought together by a common convenience; they are peoples united by a common respect for the same great truths. And if the war has created this new bond, it has taught people in this country to understand the strength of France. The traditional superstition made the Frenchman an excitable and mercurial creature, showing brilliant courage in fits and starts, but liable to sudden despair and fatigue, an ill-regulated nature that little understood the secret of freedom. The imagination of Britons was long dominated by the traditions of the great war with Louis the Fourteenth, and the memories, half-scornful and half-afraid, of the long struggle with Napoleon. Then, again, France was thought to be too elegant and finished in its style to be really thorough; it was grace rather than power that we associated with her work in literature and scholarship.

All these misleading conceptions have been shattered during the last few months by the success with which France rallied and retrieved her first errors, the dogged endurance with which she has stood the long strain of this exhausting campaign on her soil, and the candor and self-possession with which she has faced the realities. In this she has merely been true to herself. After the disaster of 1870, she set to work in a spirit of cold determination to destroy illusion, to teach her people and her politicians the full truth, to get a real grasp of the meaning and course of history. That was the work of the School of Political Science, of which M. Albert Sorel was so noble an ornament. The great characteristic of French work in all these respects has been its power of handling vast masses of facts with the artist's skill; French research is more full of life, but not less full of evidence and proof than German. The greatest book on our industrial revolution has come from a French writer, M. Paul Mantoux. We see the same qualities in the public life of Jaurès, not merely the most generous, but the most accomplished of the public men of Europe in his day. The blow of 1870, which might have crushed a nation, had the effect in France of making men dread above all things illusion, and value above all things truth. Gambetta was the great exponent of the new spirit, and he linked it with the history of France in the memory of one of her noblest soldiers. Hoche he described in language that made him the ideal soldier of a free nation, "respectful of the rights of each, knowing the value of men, Hoche never allowed himself to follow errors or chimeras; he knew that men are not reckoned merely because they have been given a gun and equipment, but by their education, their per-

sonal abnegation, their cohesion in masses, their discipline and their military spirit"; and to the France that he wished to rally to the new task of self-examination and thoroughness he commended Hoche's maxim, *Ago quod ago*. These months are teaching us what we have often been unable to discern in the politics of France—not less full of disappointment than those of other nations—that behind all the shifting world of diplomacy and affairs there reside the tenacity, the fortitude, and the power of seeing the truth that enable France to keep her commanding place in the affections and the thoughts of mankind.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

For the first time since the war began, there is no important German offensive in active operation. The advance into Galicia lost its meaning with the fall of Przemyśl; the army which expelled the Russians a second time from the Mazurian Lakes lost its impetus among the swamps of the Narew and the Bobr; the army of invasion in Poland is as immobile as the army in France, and for the first time since Tannenberg, even the energy of von Hindenburg devises no fresh adventures. The pause, we may be sure, is only for a moment, but it marks, while it lasts, the interval between two chapters in current history, and disposes us all to retrospect. The publication of the French Staff's review of the first six months of the war provides us indeed with the only material of any real value for a survey, save Sir John French's despatches, which any army has issued as yet. It is, even in the summaries of the daily press, a brilliant page of military history, and the candor of its admissions of error, miscalculation, and even incompetence in the early months of the war, only serves to make the optimism of its final survey the more convincing.

The ready-made plan with which the French Staff began operations (it was set in motion before the cautious brain of General Joffre had assumed full control) was, frankly, a deplorable effort of misguided audacity. The two offensives in Alsace and Lorraine failed largely from faulty leadership. But the most brilliant leadership could not have justified such a squandering of forces in view of the immense numerical preponderance of the German armies of invasion. The capital error was, of course, the failure to anticipate that the Germans would make such a wide turning movement through Belgium as in fact they did, or (to put the same thing in another way) that they would advance with so strong a right wing. It was not that the French did not expect the German violation of Belgian neutrality. That had been anticipated by Brialmont as far back as 1882, and our "military conversations" of 1906 and 1912 show that it was a commonplace to expect it. It will always be something of a mystery why, with this knowledge, the French Staff took no adequate steps to fortify the northern frontier before the war, nor why they omitted, when the war did break out, to draw good defensible lines of trenches to arrest the enemy. The fact probably is that they were hypnotized by the historical tradition of the Meuse Valley as the predestined

line of invasion, and barely gave a thought to the possibility of an advance further to the west. They hoped too much from their own counter-offensive in Lorraine and Alsace, and something, too, from the binding force of the Treaty of 1839. Nor were they quick to realize what was happening after the movement had begun. They must have had ample intelligence from Belgium itself, but their railway system was not equal to the strain of re-arranging their dispositions. The plain fact is, we suppose, that politics had played far too great a part in the life of the French higher command, and the new army which gradually took shape under General Joffre and necessity, could only be brought into being by the drastic elimination of the aged and the incompetent. It was a terribly costly adaptation, but it was achieved in the end, and even more than his victories and his advance, it is General Joffre's contribution to the salvation of France.

The one event which gains little new significance from this review is, perhaps the Battle of the Marne. We had all realized the significance of this "crowning mercy," and its tactical dispositions were fairly well known. What does emerge with a new clarity from the review is the precarious character of the advance into Flanders that followed the Battle of the Aisne. One realizes vaguely from this survey, more clearly from Sir John French's despatches, how daring and risky this whole adventure was, and how near it came to success. The Allies disposed at first of altogether inadequate numbers; the railways were working very slowly, and some of the most vital positions were held only by French Territorials, which, at this stage of the campaign, were relatively much more inferior to the French active army than the German Landwehr ever was to the German first line. The fighting by which the present lines were won and held (with some grave reverses) must have been by far the most arduous and gallant part of the whole struggle in the West. With a very few more divisions to spare, or (what comes to the same thing) with two trains available where only one could run, the whole of the western area of Flanders might well have been saved, and Antwerp need never have fallen. When all the facts are known in detail (which is far from being the case even now), we do not anticipate that critical historians will have one word of anything but the deepest admiration for the work either of the French or of the British Staffs. The central fact is simply that the Allied armies were as yet inadequate in numbers, and also, perhaps, that the French work of re-organization had not in November gone as far as it has since gone. The failure to hold Flanders has probably prolonged the war by many months.

But there is another side to this chapter of history. If the machine was just by a small deficiency unequal to this tremendous offensive effort, one cannot too much admire the great soldierly qualities that prevented a negative failure from becoming, what it might well have been, a positive disaster. In spite of terrible losses, there was nowhere such a mischance as has happened to all the armies by turns on the Eastern Front. Ground was lost which a few more divisions might have held, but a line was triumphantly drawn in the end, against which all the efforts of a vastly superior enemy hurled

themselves in vain, and the "Battle of Calais" ended for Germany in a severe defeat.

The future, after all, matters more to us than the past, and it is the chapters of this review on numbers, on attrition, and on relative efficiency which have been the most eagerly read. The calculation of the wastage in German numbers on both fronts is very ingenious and very convincing, and it yields an average of 260,000 a month. Excluding untrained men over forty, and allowing for the usual proportion of physically inefficient in the male population, the reserve of available fighting men (mostly youths) could not have been more than two millions. Of these about 800,000 are already at the front, and have lost heavily: 500,000 more are expected in April, and thereafter there will be only another 700,000 to come. These will probably be used up in new formations, but manifestly, if we regard them as replacing casualties, they will serve only for eight, or let us say ten months of the present year. The French figures suggest much better husbandry. France has 1,250,000 men at the front; half this number is at the depôts to replace casualties, and in reserve there is still the young "class" of 1915, and another half-million of untrained men of military age. Germany's plan is to use up her resources in forming new corps, with the result that the proportion of professional officers in all her formations has to be continually lowered. The French treat their reserves as feeders for the old formations, and they contrive in consequence to maintain the standard. We must expect the Germans to draw the full advantages from their plan. It will enable them in April to throw new armies into the field, and to make some formidable effort, which, but for the arrival of our new formations, might be difficult to meet. Once and twice again, on one front or the other, they may be capable of such an effort, and then the limit will be reached, and the steady irreplaceable attrition will begin. The final result seems clear, though by attrition alone it could hardly declare itself decisively before 1916.

Much more encouraging to our thinking are the definite statements that German munitions are deteriorating in quality, and, further, are subject to evident efforts to economize. The gun tubes are wearing out, and are not being replaced; the explosives used are now so poor that it commonly happens that only two-thirds of the shrapnel burst at all, and the explosion is often so feeble as hardly to break the envelope of the shell. The Germans are falling back, moreover, on rifles of antiquated pattern. The French Artillery, always unsurpassed for its field gun, has now more than made up the deficiency in its heavy guns and in the number of machine guns. The command of the sea tells nowhere so heavily as in the artillery duel, for it means that the Allies have what the Germans increasingly lack, the power to replace material and to keep up supplies. We prefer for our part to omit calculations based on any decline in German *moral*; that is a resource which needs no imports, and cannot be touched by a blockade. The conclusion is, on the whole, hopeful, but it takes no account of our terrible losses in officers, nor of Russia's difficulties in the matter of equipment and munitions. It does not yet point conclusively to an early superiority in numbers, and the one

factor which promises a decisive change in the prospect of the west is this deterioration in German munitions. The final result is demonstrably clear. But unless statesmanship is ready to move, the world must yet awhile do without promise of an early peace.

AFTERWARDS.

On first reflection it may seem strange that this terrible convulsion of our world should be stirring new hopes and aspirations among ardent reformers and idealists. Yet this is actually what is happening. Everywhere in the religious world prophets are announcing that this war and the sufferings it brings will purge the dross of worldliness from the life of the Churches, and will give fresh power to the plain truths of Christ's teaching as the spiritual guide of life. Straight from the shambles will emerge a new Christianity that will glow with the glad tidings of reconciliation and of charity towards all men. So pacifists are witnessing in this final conflict "the passing of war," and the speedy consummation of their dreams of universal peace. Social enthusiasts are dreaming dreams and seeing visions, each after his kind. Temperance reformers are beholding how a single year of war has done more for the practical advancement of their cause than half-a-century of peace. When civilization awakens once more, it will awaken sober. Eugenists are persuaded that the terrible lesson of the selection in every nation of the bravest, fittest, and most patriotic of its sons for slaughter, will force its new gospel on the minds of men. Women feel that the hour of their political enfranchisement is near.

But brightest of all is the glow in the heart of the humanitarian Socialist who sees that the destructive breath of the war itself announces the coming of his triumph. It is easy to illustrate for the events of the last nine months the many ways in which the public will and enterprise of the State has superseded private industry and has overridden the most sacred rights of property. By a series of swift courageous advances the railways have been "nationalized"; the banking and financial institutions of the country have been brought under the control of the Government and into dependence upon State aids; factories and workshops, ships and motor vehicles have been commandeered for public purposes; public control of prices and of wages has been asserted, and every usage of competition subjected to the overruling hand of the State. So this and every other country comes to recognize that war is Socialism in being, the subordination of all private interests and activities to the immediate exigencies of the State. But it is the larger and the more inward significance of what is going on that inspires Mr. Henderson's triumphant little volume, "The New Faith" (Jarrold & Sons). What Mr. Henderson sees in the new life we are leading is the sudden emergence of the spirit of national unity and national service, which topples over one after another the spurious claims of selfish business interests and the obsolete class distinctions which are bred in our past habits.

The collapse of party politics is not the least significant of these changes. "We have ceased to be Conservatives, Liberals, and Labor men. And we are never

going to have the chance of being these things any more." Why? Because "the private mindedness" which has dominated our lives, our thoughts, and valuations in the past, has been precipitated into the trough of war, and there will emerge a closely-welded national solidarity based on that sense of brotherhood and humanity which has so long been waiting to assert its rightful dominion over the life and arrangements of the nation. "When we emerge from the actual fighting period of the war, it will be into a new atmosphere, with new outlooks, new duties, which we shall face with new habits of thought, new conceptions of national life and responsibility, and of the relation of classes and interests to that national life."

What is the present testimony to that new faith? Mr. Henderson sees witnesses on every hand. Everyone now freely, clearly, enthusiastically, recognizes that every man, as fighter, worker, citizen, must do his best and sacrifice his private interest and convenience for the protection of his country, and wherever any selfish man, landlord, manufacturer, employer, shopkeeper, seizes an opportunity to make a "grab" upon the pockets of the poor or the coffers of the State, the execration that arises among all sorts and conditions of men is a startling revelation of this new spirit. That shipping companies should be coining money out of high freights, and Government contractors should be refusing wage-earners a fair rise of wages, that landlords should be seizing favorable chances of putting a shilling or two on the rent where soldiers are billeted, and farmers should be trying to shirk the obligation to pay living wages by getting cheap child-labor from the schools—these phenomena are striking sparks of indignation from millions of flinty breasts which, but a year ago, would have acquiesced in all such doings as a proper exercise of business opportunities. Mr. Henderson sees here the beginnings of a widespread and permanent repudiation of the whole spirit and practice of "private-mindedness" under which coal, shipping, iron, and other fields of industry were little private kingdoms, ruled by knots of rich, powerful men, who used their "monopolies" of the sources of wealth and their control of the disinherited hirelings to hold their country up to tribute. This was the golden age of private profiteering, as essentially immoral and inhuman and unpatriotic as the brigandage and piracy on land and sea which preceded it in more lawless days. The red glare of war has suddenly exposed to every eye the hidden wrongs which were formerly cloaked under specious phrases about "rights of property," "healthy competition," and the other subterfuges for national disunity and exploitation of the weak.

Even before the war, spasms of shame had begun to trouble the more sensitive members of the ruling classes. It stimulated them to works of philanthropy and social reform, partly because they were genuinely sorry for the poor and wanted "to be good" to them, and partly so as to avert the more drastic demands of social justice. The age of private and legislative philanthropy, concerned in a superior manner with "the amelioration of the condition of the working classes," is swept suddenly into the Ewigkeit, and the whole national attitude towards poverty and its distresses changed, as it were, in the

twinkling of an eye. When we are once more restored securely to the arts of peace, everyone will openly recognize that our troubles in the past were due to "the nation's disinheritance from control of its sources of wealth," and will agree that full restoration must be made. The State Socialism, which everybody cheerfully acquiesced in as a necessity of war, must be extended and completed as an obvious utility of peace. For everybody will have branded indelibly upon his heart the thought of what would have happened if the masses of the people had failed to respond to the national appeal. Mr. Henderson paints in realistic language the squalor, insecurity, narrowness, and dulness of the ordinary working-class life, and puts the pertinent question: "If the entire British working-class had said under such conditions that they did not find British citizenship a kind of life good enough to fight for, and that, if the country was in danger, those who owned it and enjoyed the spacious life of its affluence might fight for it, we could not reasonably have wondered." But they were far-sighted enough to look beyond the narrowness of present opportunities to a better and a juster Britain, where equal freedom would be secured for all, and where the spirit of national service will find its greater expression in the permanent life of the people.

Well, we must not be too sanguine. No one can possibly tell how much in the way of spiritual change, change of purposes, valuations, and motives, will issue from the immense pressure of the experiences of this war, or how these changes of heart will express themselves in the texture of external life. We do not, indeed, with Mr. Henderson, see the whole fabric of modern capitalism crumbling to ruin before the touch of an inspired patriotism. The fibres of class interests and business habits are tougher than he imagines, and even where they have been temporarily displaced they will vigorously reassert themselves. War has its well-attested progeny. They are poverty, disease, discontent, taxation, militarism. All these evils the increasing mental and moral activity of our times will, we believe, diminish. Will the war also beget a successful revolution, transforming for the better all the conditions of life? Here the hopes of millions may realize the poet's aspiration and create the fabric of which they dream. The old State life and organization are obviously unsuited to the needs of the world. What shall replace them? That depends on us; on the men and women who know what is wrong, and have faith and courage enough to work for what is right.

A London Diary.

THE thistledown which was floated down the wind last week has pretty well blown away. Into what state of mind can a journalist project himself who can imagine a Government strengthened by the withdrawal of the Prime Minister? And Sir Edward Grey? I see no serious suggestion as to replacement. I divine no reason for the original proposition, beyond the mysterious incursion of Sir Francis Trippel into Fleet Street. Did the Prime Minister contrive this raid? Or is it assumed that the vengeance of the conscriptionists

is to be visited on him in the hour when the nation's commitment to the voluntary system is beyond the possibility of recall for the duration of this war? Or is the effect to be sought in a vague disturbance of the public mind in the interests of this or that personality? No one has asked for this. No one expects from it any benefit, moral or political, in the conduct of the war. We are in this war for our lives. The utmost executive force must be applied to its conduct. If there is a definite fault of system, it should be clearly alleged and driven home. But journalism can at least keep its criticism on impersonal lines, or if it takes to personal attack, conduct it with some seriousness.

For, after all, we stand at a critical hour. Not only is no issue concluded, but the adversaries are almost equally in the dark as to each others' powers. I never meet a neutral critic who does not answer an appeal to long views with a prophecy of victory for the Allies. But I never get a positive answer to a plea for a judgment of the hour. Critics differ as to all the large factors—*e.g.*, the wisdom of the bigger kind of battle in the West (such as Neuve Chapelle), or the policy of the diversion in the Dardanelles. A measure of agreement I find on such points as (a) the badness of the finance of the second German loan, and the ruin it must involve when the masses of paper which the bankers have had to substitute for their liquid assets are thrown on to the market; (b) the definite failure of the German offensive in East and West, and the critical situation in Galicia; (c) the dearth of regimental officers in the German ranks (and in our own); (d) the continued good *moral* of our armies; (e) the deterioration in the German ammunition. But no military or political critic makes any large deduction from these generalizations. The tone of officers returned from the front is, as always, sober, steady, usually unflamed about the Germans, not depressed, but without a hint of *cœur léger*. It is a grey sky. All men believe that it will lift. But not to-day or to-morrow.

MEANWHILE is there not a strain of paradox in all this talk of a possible Coalition Government before the close of the war? Although most of the gossip is of Unionist origin, it betrays a curious misconception of the ideas and plainly revealed policy of responsible Unionism. A little too much has been made of the recent reincarnations of that agreeable but rather disembodied spirit, Mr. Balfour. But one can imagine the Opposition leaders asking themselves what either their party or the country could be expected to gain from a fusion of the Front Benches at the present moment. As critics, their occupation would be gone, and as Ministers they could scarcely hope to be more than shadows of their Liberal colleagues. Should the war be carried to a swift and triumphant climax, they might, indeed, claim a direct share in the credit of such an achievement, but not in any degree at the expense of the dominant original element in the Cabinet co-partnership. On the other hand, they must bear the brunt with the latter of any disappointments, disillusionings, or unpopuliarities that might accrue from a dragging and bitter-tempered finish—the useful function

of criticism and the congenial duty of judgment would alike have passed to a less deeply implicated jury.

SIR EDWARD GREY made a cautious, half-revealing reference to the Anglo-German negotiations of 1912, but he has been nothing like so communicative as some German writers. Among them is Dr. Rohrbach, who, in his "Der Krieg und die deutsche Politik," makes these wide admissions of our abandonment of the "penning-in" policy:—

"Now that everything has been changed, it may be safely said (*kann man ruhig sagen*) that the negotiations with England about the delimitation of our spheres of interest in the East and in Africa had been brought to a close and signed [i.e., I suppose, initialled by the negotiators], and that the only remaining question was as to their publication. In Africa, English policy had gone a surprisingly long way to meet us. In Turkey, not only had large concessions been made to the German point of view on the question of the Bagdad railway, but the other matters connected with this, the working of the Mesopotamian petroleum fields and the navigation of the Tigris, which England had hitherto had in her sole possession, were regulated along with German participation."

Why would not the Germany of 1914 go to meet the Power that had thus met her in 1912, and had in 1913 met her again in the Balkan crisis, in the same spirit? She had every reason for confidence in our good faith. At all events, her diplomatists and those of Austria and Italy made warm and special acknowledgment of the part which Sir Edward Grey had played in Anglo-German relationships during those two years.

I AM told that the Committee on Production has made a strong report in favor of the limitation of profits in the manufacturing firms. I find evidence of strong and influential opinion that unless this is done, the labor unrest will go on increasing, and that production will rather diminish than grow. The men will not work hard so long as they see the whole of the enormous profits which are being made out of the war going into the pockets of the employers. This is plain fact, and the sooner the Government realize it the better.

It is not often that a great city loses a Town Clerk like Sir Laurence Gomme. One of the finest qualities of the early Progressive County Councils was their attempt to revive the historic sense in Londoners, least civic of peoples. The work received a wonderful stimulus when a great archaeologist like Sir Laurence took it up. London was to him (as notably to Mr. Burns and the two Harrisons) the centre of the life of the English people; and by a hundred devices he tried to stir the almost dead memories of the past and to revive the spirit of unity which had all but perished in the exclusive cult of the City, with its wealth, its formal and luxurious entertainments, and its ostentatious patronage of Greater London.

It takes an effort of the imagination to recall Mrs. Bernard Beere's work and personality as a dramatic artist. She was a kind of Bernhardt, with less range, less temperament, less charm, and a far less stimulating environment. Her kind of art died, I suppose, with our intellectual playgoers when Ibsen began to be

acted and Duse to act. But it aimed at the grand effect, to which her massive beauty and rather fine style lent themselves. Even for that kind of art and that kind of appearance she had, to my mind, a superior in Jane Hading.

BUSINESS is very much as usual in the most enterprising newspaper circles. The eye of a friend of mine was caught by a "Daily Mail" poster on Tuesday which ran as follows:—

150 DROWNED.

WONDERFUL PICTURES.

For "business-like" disregard of human feelings that would be hard to beat.

A WAYFARER.

PERILS OF THE LABOR CONFERENCE.

IMPORTANT as the recent conference between the trade unions and the Government undoubtedly was, the rejoicings with which it was hailed in all sections of the press were, to say the least of it, somewhat premature. It was hastily assumed on all hands that a three days' conference had resulted in the settlement of all disputed points, and because a document embodying certain conclusions was issued, everyone seems to have imagined that a final agreement had been reached. But so far was this from being the case that all last week the fate of the conference was still hanging in the balance.

In the first place, the conference did not, as was at the time assumed, speak with a united voice. The miners, refusing to accept compulsory arbitration on any terms, left at the end of the first day; the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, whose concurrence is vital to the settlement of the problem of war munitions, refused to concur in the recommendations issued by the conference. The "complete agreement" of which all the papers have made so much, was in fact, no agreement at all. The miners are bent on pushing their demands, irrespective of the Government's schemes; the engineers were not prepared to accept the agreement without further safeguards; the transport workers are pressing for a separate advisory committee to deal with questions of transport alone.

At the end of last week, complete agreement was brought considerably nearer by a further conference between the engineers and the Government. At this meeting, which resulted in the acceptance of the agreement by the engineers' officials, Mr. Lloyd George made certain statements designed to elucidate the Government's policy. He definitely promised a limitation of war profits, and he promised that the Government would use its influence to secure the restoration of pre-war conditions after the war. It seems probable that with these further safeguards, the agreement will be accepted, but it must be remembered that, in the case of the engineers, it has still to run the gauntlet of a general ballot. Even if it is accepted, that will not mean either that it is wholly satisfactory to the men, or that all the difficulties have been faced and met.

What, then are the points still at issue between the parties? First and foremost, I think, still stands the Government's refusal to issue any general pronouncement on the wages question. It has proposed its remedy for the labor unrest, and that remedy is arbitration; but it had nowhere laid down any principle for the guidance of those who are to arbitrate. In the minds of many sections of workers, the obvious inference is that, unless the Trade Unions show their teeth, they will get nothing. The effect of Mr. Asquith's "wait till June" speech has

not yet worn off; many of the workers are asking why they should make concessions to a Government which will make no concessions to them. Even when they deplore strikes in war time, they cannot help feeling that the Clyde engineers materially increased, if not their own chances, at any rate the chances of labor generally, by taking matters into their own hands. A clear declaration by the Government that its arbitrators should in all cases seek to bring *real* wages up, at least to the level at which they stood last July, would do much to dissipate the mistrust with which the workers still view its actions—a mistrust which the result of the Clyde arbitration has certainly done nothing to dispel.

Such a declaration would clear the air, and would make it possible for the remaining difficulties to be freely discussed. These difficulties are, in the main, of two types, the one centring round the proposed suspension of trade union rules, and the other round the suggested introduction of compulsory arbitration. Neither group of difficulties can be regarded as finally settled by the recent conferences.

The firmly rooted convictions which are shared by the great bulk of the trade union movement are not numerous; but any attempt to break them down is likely to meet with the most stubborn resistance. Among them, no conviction is firmer than the often repeated determination of the Trades Union Congress to have nothing to do with compulsory arbitration. To this determination the miners at the Treasury conferences seem to have adhered, and they have already received the endorsement of their action by the full Council of the Yorkshire Miners' Association. In face of these indications, there can be little doubt that the full weight of the miners will be thrown against compulsory arbitration. Any attempt to force such a measure through against their opposition would be practically doomed to failure, and it is therefore probable that there will be no general introduction of compulsion. The Government will use its best endeavors to get as many trade unions as possible to submit voluntarily to arbitration for the period of the war, and will rely on being able to deal with the rest by other means.

This refusal on the part of the miners is likely to have a good result. The chief motive for their refusal is undoubtedly the fear that, if arbitration is once introduced, it will be allowed to remain in force after the war. This, indeed, is clearly the aim of some of its advocates, and it is certain that, if it were universally adopted now, there would be considerable opposition to its withdrawal. If, however, the miners and probably other important classes of workers never come under such a system, there will be all the less chance that it will be imposed permanently.

A similar fear of what may happen when the war is over was at the bottom of the delay of the engineers in coming to an agreement with the Government. Obviously, if the trade unions are to relax their rules for the period of the war, they must be given safeguards that their rights will not be infringed later on. As I wrote some weeks ago, the original demand of the employers was for a holocaust of all rules and regulations; it is at least encouraging to see that the Government does nothing to countenance so preposterous a claim. The proposals of last week provide for special scheduled relaxations of particular rules, as I suggested in my previous article.

But there is still one fatal weakness in the Government's scheme. While the employer is to deposit with the Government a guarantee that he will return to the old customs after the war, absolutely no machinery is set up by which relaxations are to be scheduled now and refusals to return to the old rules prevented later on.

The Government promised, at the second conference, to "use its influence," but still nothing was said about the form which its interference should take. The workers cannot be expected to abandon their hard-won rules—the Magna Carta and Habeas Corpus of Labor—unless they are sure that the general guarantee given by the employer will be enforced in every particular instance. Inevitably, numerous disputes will arise as to the restoration of old rules. There must be in every district bodies equipped with the knowledge and the power to see that the workers get their due. In fact, now, it would seem, is the time for the establishment of those Industrial Courts for the trial of Labor cases which have been so long suggested without avail.

The view seems to be very general that trade union rules form a material drag upon production, and that their removal will mean a great impetus to industry. This is very far from being the case. There are certain rules restricting the employment of semi-skilled workers, which, in view of the shortage of skilled workmen, are now hampering production. These rules should be relaxed, provided real safeguards can be afforded to the workers. But the bulk of the trade union working rules are not of this character. They are designed to protect the workman at his work, and are really a species of industrial health legislation extending the principles embodied in the Factory Acts. Especially is this the case with the rules relating to overtime and to the number of workers required for the manning of the various machines. They are essentially protections for the worker against sickness and industrial accident, and with their removal will go a big increase in both. The employer, careless of the future of the employee, may desire to live only for the day, and to sweep away all these restrictions; but if the nation wants the maximum production over a considerable period of time, it will be wise not to be too hasty in helping the employer to overwork his men. Already, overtime rules and the like have been strained to breaking-point, and already there is an alarming increase in the number of trade unionists who are on sick benefit. If the employers are given their way, and if the process of speeding-up is carried further, the result may be a momentary acceleration of production, but in the long run it will be a decrease. Trade-union rules serve the interests of the nation as well as the interests of the men who framed them.

The Treasury conference was significant in that it seemed to mark the adoption of a new Labor policy by the Government. Till now, the workers have been ignored wherever possible; no attempt has been made to conciliate them, presumably because they seemed, judged by their Parliamentary leaders, perfectly ready to give everything for nothing. It would appear that the Government has at last realized that there is a growing volume of discontent; but if it desires to allay this and to secure Labor's co-operation, it would do well to begin by raising the wages of all Government servants to meet the rise in prices, and by laying down the same principle for the guidance of the Committee on Production and of the various arbitrators it may appoint. When it has done that, it will be able to consult the trade unions with better hopes of a really final settlement; but it should beware of attempting to impose a general measure of compulsory arbitration against the will of the great mass of workers, or of taking at their face value the interested appeals of employers for the abrogation of the essential safeguards of trade unionism. For the working rules of the trade unions, and not last week's provisional agreement with the Government, form the true charter of the liberties of Labor.

G. D. H. COLE.

Life and Letters.

THE PILOT DROPPED.

It was last Thursday and he was again at Varzin tramping the woods, his long military greatcoat buttoned up to his chin. His face wore the look I remember best—a look of implacable resolve, under which one saw lurking jovial good-humor, laughter, and a boisterous honesty of purpose. By his side walked a shadowy boarhound, which now and then licked his hand, glancing up at him with great affection. I, too, was a shadow and would willingly have kissed his hand, for in life I had called him my Master, my Messiah.

"Büschlein," he said, "in my busiest time it was my chief desire to shake myself free of it all and dwell in these forests where no sound was to be heard but the woodpecker's tapping. I always longed to get away from large cities and the stink of civilization. For seventeen years now I have been away from them indeed, and I'm glad that on my brief return I smell nothing but the trees and spring. For, so far as I can gather, cities have only grown larger, and civilization stinks worse. It is true," he added, with his ironic smile, "it seems to stink of corpses rather than of gas, drainage, and violet powder, and perhaps that is really an improvement."

"Prince," I said, "for one whole generation next month, Europe has lacked your guiding hand."

"And I may confess it to you, my dear Busch," he answered, "that for a time I lacked Europe. You remember Hannibal when he was in exile among silly little Asiatic States, and watched Carthage going to pieces. He had built her up into greatness. His hand alone could hold her firm and upright, and he pottered about in silly little Courts, where poets and journalists plagued him for interviews."

"You, Prince," I said, "were his parallel for man's ingratitude."

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind!" he cried, laughing down on me; "but the man was too much for me, Büschlein. Or rather, it was not the man, but God, whom I felt behind him. You remember our conversation somewhere near Rheims, when the army was drawing in upon Paris in 1870. I told you I was by nature a Republican, an extreme Republican. If I were not a Christian, I said, I would not serve the King—no, not even my dear and trusty old William—not for another hour. But for my belief in my duty towards God, I would have turned my back on Empires, and have cultivated my oats. I never cared a speck of dust for orders and decorations. But for God's will, why should I have submitted myself to these Hohenzollerns? They only came of a Suabian family, not a curse better than my own. But though I lived among heathens, I was a Christian and feared God."

"None the less, Prince," I insinuated, "when the present Kaiser's father died after his brief reign, some of us rejoiced to be free of an 'incubus.' We called him an incubus, and yet he was a Hohenzollern."

"Yes, I know," he replied; "I was thankful to be rid of him. His wife gave him what I called 'die englische Krankheit'—the English sickness—our common people's word for rickets. They talked nothing but English at home—the language of the Chosen People I believe she really thought it. So he came to like professors, Liberals, orators, and unpractical people of that kind, who know nothing of reality. He actually admired poor dear Mr. Gladstone. If he had lived, he might have cooked us up a Constitutional Monarchy, a

Cabinet responsible to the Reichstag, and God knows what other democratic nonsense. If I want a pair of boots, I don't kill a cow and make them myself out of her hide. I go to a decent bootmaker. If a bootmaker wants government, why should he kill a king and try to make a government out of his skin? Let him come to a decent statesman like me!"

"Yes, I know," he repeated, after a pause, "I had great hopes when Frederick died. All the more because Prince William had fought so finely against his mother. There was something energetic and determined about him. He hated all that Parliamentary stuff. You remember, many years before he succeeded to the throne, I told you I hoped he would some day develop into the *rocher de bronze* which we wanted. Afterwards, I went on hoping, in spite of his indiscretions. I hoped 'the English sickness' would work itself out. His mother had given him a taint of eloquence, and you know how I hated eloquent people. I compared them to women with small feet. They are always thrusting their eloquence under your nose. And besides, his parentage made him a bit of a *dilettante*. He was as ready as Albert the Good to talk about art, literature, theology, and professorial subjects of that kind. A little more and he would have written sonnets and organized philanthropy and sketched in water-colors. But still I hoped, for I recognized the old Emperor's sword-knot in his nature."

"Ah, yes!" I exclaimed; "It was by clutching the old Emperor's sword-knot that you secured the war with France."

"Certainly," he answered, smiling grimly; "That and the Ems telegram did it. Moltke, Roon, and I cooked that telegram together at dinner, and when it was sent, dear old 'Molk's' vulture face looked ten years younger. He knew it made war certain."

"It is true," he resumed, "I had hopes of the young Kaiser, even after his accession. But the crash soon came, and you found me packing up. As I told you then, I couldn't stand him any longer. His inexperience made him think too much of himself. He simply longed with his whole heart to be rid of me so as to govern alone—with his own genius—and cover himself with glory. He thought he could manage everything himself, from diplomacy to street architecture, and so he wanted only servile tools. As I told you, I could not crook the knee or crawl upon my belly like a Byzantine courtier."

"And besides," he continued, "the young Kaiser made too light of Russia's friendship from the first. Everyone knows how my old Master clung to Russia. He was a bit bamboozled by sentiment and flattery, I admit. I knew Russia was arming, and that the way to Constantinople lay through Berlin or Vienna or both. That was what drove me to re-insure by alliance with Austria and Italy. Not that I ever expected much from Italy. In 1870, a Russian diplomat said to me: 'What? They are asking for something again, although they haven't yet lost a battle.' In 1880, I compared them to carrion crows on the battle-field, letting others provide their food. I never believed they would do much beyond bargaining for neutrality, as I'm told they are doing now. But I had to do my best to re-insure against that perpetual peril of a war on two fronts, east and west. And now the war has come."

"May I read to you, Prince," I said, "my notes on your conversation with me in April twenty-seven years ago? For indeed you were almost prophetic:—

"If Russia were to declare war on us," you said, "France would certainly join her immediately. And after all in such a war we should not be so very certain

to win, while it would be a great misfortune even if we were victorious, as in any case we should lose a great deal of blood and treasure, and also suffer considerable indirect damage through the interruption of work and trade. . . . It is only England which would benefit by it. . . . We are well-armed, but large masses of troops would be put into the field against us. Austria has not yet developed her defensive forces as she could and should do; and no real confidence can be placed on Italy."

"Yes," he said, after brooding over the words awhile; "I foresaw pretty much what has happened. And now my dear Germans have England on the top of them as well. I never loved England particularly, though I liked Englishmen, and trusted them, provided they couldn't talk good French. I nearly had trouble with England over our little African colonies, though I was never a 'Kolonialmensch' myself. And you remember how you and Bucher rejoiced over the Khartoum disaster, and hoped Wolseley's head would arrive in Cairo, nicely pickled and packed, you shameless young savages! But I was as careful to keep England on our side as Russia. Everyone knows how I did it in 1870 by revealing the Benedetti proposal that France should seize Belgium and Luxembourg, allowing Prussia to take South Germany in exchange. That was a joke! How the English swore! No more talk of French alliance then!"

"Belgium is now a thing of the past," I observed.

"So long as England exists, that can never be," he replied, vehemently. "Did my successor and our unhappy *rocher de bronze* really think they could march through Belgium, and England take no notice? They had the effect of my Benedetti trump before them, and yet they thought it possible! England may talk about freedom and nationalities. The plain German of it is that with us in Antwerp she ceases to be an island."

"Belgium has suffered the fate of war," I remarked; "I remember the American General Sheridan saying when he was with us in September, 1870, that in war even the civilian inhabitants must be left nothing but their eyes to weep with. The sentiment has been attributed to you, but it was Sheridan's. I thought it rather heartless at the time, but perhaps worthy of consideration. It is our country's principle now."

"Ah, my dear Büschlein," said the mighty shadow, "I am a hundred years old to-day, but I feel now as I did in our conversation nearly thirty years ago. I have caused unhappiness to many. But for me three great wars would not have taken place, eighty thousand men would not have been killed, would not have been mourned by parents, widows, and lovers. I suppose I must now add a fourth and far greater war; and how many men? God in heaven, I must add something like a million! If I had not trusted in God, I could not have gone through with it. But however well I may have settled it with God, I have enjoyed little pleasure in it all, and my life was endless anxiety and toil. In life I had one aim only—to unite the German peoples and render them independent of foreigners in body and soul. I succeeded. And now with what heart can I watch the consequences of my success—the anguish of my beloved people, the shattering peril to all that I so painfully, so gloriously accomplished?"

With slow step, and eyes gazing upon futurity, he sought his particular region in the shades.

ON THE SIBYLS.

WE remember some years ago looking at a collection of figures in Breton faience representing various saints and persons of the Sacred Story exposed in a shop window

at St. Malo. They were all well-known enough—the Mother and Child, Adam and Eve, St. Anne, St. John the Baptist, St. Christopher—but amid all these familiar figures there was one we could not account for. The statue, which apparently represented some prophetess or priestess of the Ancient World, bore the inscription "Velleda." She had the air of being a recognized and honored member of the family party. Since then we have from time to time interrogated anyone with any knowledge of such matters whom we have happened to come across, and have consulted various books, but have never succeeded in finding any information about her. The search was, perhaps, unnecessary, as she is evidently a typical Sibylline figure. The people who raised the mysterious stones of Carnac were certainly not without Sibyls. Prophetic Druidesses were common in the most ancient Gaul. The Cathedral of Chartres, for instance, is said to stand on the spot where in the hoariest antiquity was the oracular grove and cavern of a priestess who prophesied that in the fulness of time a Virgin should conceive and bear a Son. Velleda is, no doubt, a figure incarnating and interpreting the brooding mysticism of the whole Celtic race.

Chance threw lately into our hands an old Italian book, printed in Venice in the year 1610, in which the learned author—a parish priest of the Veneto—discourses not only of "the lives of the holy Patriarchs and Prophets mentioned in Scripture" but also of "the six ages of the world and the principal events which have happened in them, with the greatest diligence and in the manner of history." Among much other curious and interesting matter, he expatiates on the Sibyls. He prefaces his account of them with that text from the Psalms which runs in the Authorized Version: "The singers go before, the minstrels follow after; in the midst are the damsels playing with the timbrels" (Ps. lxxviii., 25). We confess that though not unacquainted with the traditional patristic and medieval mystical interpretations of the Psalms, the comment on this verse given by the worthy pievano of Carpineto is quite new to us, as well as altogether delightful. In the Vulgate rendering the verse runs: "The princes went before joined with the minstrels in the midst of the damsels playing on the timbrels." The "princes," of course, present no difficulty; they are the Apostles, and joined with them are the minstrels "quelli che cantano," the Patriarchs and Prophets who of old time chanted the great things to be. Surrounding the central group of the Apostles and the Prophets are "the damsels playing with the timbrels"—that is to say, the Sibyls. "They may be said to play with timbrels," remarks our author, "because they prophesied singing, and all their utterances were in verse." "And since they lived in diverse times and different parts of the world," he proceeds, "David says that the Apostles stood in the midst of them." The following is very characteristic of the medieval view of the great outside world of Heathendom before the Advent: "And since they lived under the natural law and recognized one God, and some of them the Mystery of the Incarnation, and others looked forward to Jesus Christ and left this in writing, it may well be believed that their souls likewise ascended triumphantly into Heaven in company with that same Son of God, and that they have now in the midst of them the Apostles who more clearly preached Him of Whom they prophesied." There was running through the heathen world an outer circle of illumination surrounding the centre and nucleus of light and knowledge. The author then goes on to say that he is going "to narrate the lives of these illustrious ladies in conformity with the teaching of the Saints and Doctors of the Church." These all confess that they were prophetesses, and affirm

that they were Saints and are saved. The universal belief is that they were ladies full of the Spirit of God, that they denied the idols of the Gentiles, observed perpetual virginity, and divined things to come. The Fathers themselves gave them the name of "Sibyl," which means "the counsel of God." Their prophecies were so clear that it seems they were often describing things past rather than things to be. Clement of Alexandria is mentioned in particular as quoting an unrecorded saying of St. Paul that "in the books of the Sibyls you will find the clear and manifest knowledge of the Son of God."

The author draws his notices of the Sibyls from the writings of St. Augustine, St. Jerome, Lactantius, and other writers of great weight. From these writers he collects particulars concerning ten whom he enumerates as follows: "Cumea, Libica, Delfica, Persica, Eritrea, Cumana, Elepontica, Frigia, e Tiburtina." Shakespeare, it will be remembered, speaks of "the nine Sibyls of old Rome" (1 Hen. VI., i., 11). The first of these, the Cumean Sibyl is, of course, the Sibyl of Virgil. Justin Martyr says that she came from Babylon into Italy, and that he had seen the temple where she gave her oracles, and the urn where her ashes were preserved. Our author declares that it is certain that she spoke with Æneas when he came into Italy. She it is,

"quæ rupe sub ima
Fata canit foliisque notas et nomina mandat;
Quæcumque in foliisque describit carmina virgo
Digerit in numerum atque antro seclusa relinquit.
Illa manent immota locis neque ab ordine cedunt
Verum eadem, verso tenuis cum cardine ventus,
Impulit et teneras turbavit janua frondes
Nunquam deinde cavo volitantia saxo,
Nec revocare situs aut jungere carmina curat."

—(Æneid III., 445-450.)

One has not the heart to quote an English rendering of the lines. How the very words seem pregnant and laden with all the mystery and expectation of the Ancient World—"fata," "carmina," "virgo"! The light fluttering leaves whirled hither and thither by the wind in the Sibyl's cavern are a picture of the hints and whispers, the Sibylline presage and foreboding of some great thing to be, not formed into any coherent body of doctrine, but coming and going, heard and felt here and there all over the heathen world. We ourselves think it extremely likely that the Fourth Eclogue, or something very like it, was originally written on the Sibyl's leaves. Our pious author quotes it at large as being her work. He also says, "from this Sibyl Virgil took verses which he put into his own poems." The Sibyl's leaves, by the way, form one of the innumerable similes of Dante. As he comes back to earth from Paradise the Vision fades:

"Così la neve al sol dissigilla,
Così al vento nelle foglie lievi
Si perdea la sentenza di Sibilla."

"So the snow melts in the sun—so in the wind on the light leaves was the Sibyl's sentence lost." But some of her strange lore was gathered up and still lives in the fourth Eclogue. Modern critics and commentators have supposed that Virgil had some knowledge of the writings of the Hebrew Prophet Isaiah; but is it not at least as likely that both Isaiah and the Sibyl, or, for the matter of that, Isaiah and Virgil himself, were in touch with the same primal source of inspiration?

It would be tedious to follow our author through his detailed notices of the lives and prophecies of the ten Sibyls. One other at least is worthy of a place beside the Sibyl of Cumæ. This is the Sybilla Erythea. Just as the Cumean Sibyl is the Sibyl of the fourth Eclogue,

so she is the Sibyl of the Dies Iræ. Strabo, Appollodorus, Eusebius, all speak of her. The latter records some Greek verses of hers of which the initial letters placed together form the words: Jesus Christ the Son of God the Savior. St. Augustine, in his book of "The City of God," gives in Latin her sentence concerning the end of the world. It may not be without interest to quote it here:—

"In sign of judgment the earth will be bathed with sweat, and the Eternal King will descend from heaven to judge all flesh and all the world. The faithful and the infidels will alike see God. . . . The souls of men clothed in their own flesh will suddenly appear to be judged, and all flesh will tremble. Men will cast away their idols and images, and all their riches: and suddenly a great fire will burn the earth, the air, and the sea, and penetrate even to the gates of the narrow prison of Hell. This fire will do no harm to the saints, but for the guilty will begin a burning that will never cease. Then will be manifested all sins, however hidden they have been. Then will be published and seen in the light the works done in darkness, and whatever each man has hidden in his heart. Then will be sorrow, and weeping, and gnashing of teeth, the light will fail, the sun and the stars will be darkened, the moon will lose her brightness. The valleys will be exalted, and the mountains will be laid low. . . . There will be no ships on the sea, the earth will be burned by the fire from heaven, the rivers and fountains will be consumed. There will sound a trumpet from heaven, with a terrible and fearful sound, and the earth will open. . . . All, even the kings of the earth, will appear before the Majesty of God, and they will be rewarded who are signed with the sign of wood."

This is the prophecy alluded to in the first lines of the great hymn:—

"Dies iræ, dies illa,
Solvat sæculum in favilla,
Teste David cum Sibylla."

The seventeenth-century Gallican reformers of the Liturgy omitted the reference to her, changing the line into:—

"Crucis expandens vexilla."

This was probably due to the Jansenist tendency to deny all light or grace to the heathen world, akin to the Protestant rationalism with regard to the marvellous not contained in Scripture. It is to be regretted that no English version of the hymn preserves the reference to her with the exception of Crashaw's:—

"Hear'st thou, my soul, what serious things
Both the Psalm and Sibyl sings?"

It is of the Samian Sibyl that the well-known story is told of her offering her nine books of sentences to the King of Rome, Tarquin the Proud, and asking for them the sum of three hundred gold pieces. When he refused she burned three of them and offered the remaining six for the same sum. Upon his ridiculing her and calling her mad, she burned three more and made the same demand for the last three. Thereupon the King, thinking some great mystery must be contained therein, gave her what she asked and caused the precious books to be placed in the Capitol. It was there that all the Sibylline books were preserved and held in high veneration. They perished in the great conflagration A.U.G. 671. Five years later a Commission was appointed to visit Cumæ, Erythea, and the other oracular places, to collect the still extant prophecies, which were formed into a new Sibylline volume. This book profoundly influenced the whole Middle Ages. Besides the ten canonical and authoritative Sibyls, there were many other prophetesses greatly venerated in the Ancient World, such as Cassandra, the daughter of Priam, Mantis, who gave its name to Mantua, the city of Virgil, and Velleda, of the Armorian woods.

To the present writer there appears nothing un-

reasonable in the idea of the Sibylline prophecies. At such a time as the present it is a consoling thought to reflect that however many individuals may perish, the soul of mankind, what the Ancients called the Muse, is uninjured and untouched. It is, indeed, indestructible. No human thought or idea or imagination perishes or can perish. The individual originates nothing, but receives the inspiration belonging to humanity from the first, and called forth at its appropriate time. It may well be that if there are but a few at any given time capable of receiving it, they do so with a greater intensity, just as one or two heirs of a fortune receive more than they would if it were dissipated among a great number of claimants. The soul of the world is prophetic; it dreams of things to come. But it dreams of the realization of some idea which has been with it from the first. It seems probable that the idea of a Divine Incarnation is innate in mankind. This idea may have impressed itself, if darkly and obscurely, yet profoundly, upon the minds of the Sibyls, just as the impressions of Nature stamped themselves profoundly on the great brooding mind of Wordsworth. There seems no doubt that there was an age-long adumbration of this idea all over the heathen world. The Sibylline verses would be treasured as enshrining a mystery not understood but dimly venerated:

"La dottrina che s'asconde
Sotto 'l velame degli versi strani."—(Inf. IX., 62.)

The mystery, after all, is in the hidden secret source of the sacred fountain, not in the chasm or orifice through which it issues from the earth. The Sibylla Tiburtina prophesied amid the roar of the cascades of Tivoli, and as she chanted, like the damsel with the dulcimer in the poet's vision, the river of all the expectation and desire that had traversed the whole Ancient World foamed and fell in the thunderous and majestic volume of the Sibylline cataract.

ENGLISH MUSIC, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

II.—THE MEN.

IN a previous article I surmised that our younger and less fêted composers—for it is from them that the present agitation comes—are afraid that the public will not take them to its heart as rapidly and as thoroughly as they would like—that the anti-German revulsion now in process will not make our audiences pro-British, but simply pro-Russo-French. If this is to be the case, as I think it will, our native composers will have nobody to blame but themselves. It is useless, and the sooner they realize this the better, for them to appeal to our audiences to love them merely because they are British composers; unless they are first-rate British composers there is really no reason why anyone should be particularly anxious to hear them. The great error that all of them have made is having been born into the world a century or so too late. There is now so much good music accessible to even the humblest concert-goer that every piece of new music has to exhibit itself against a background that at once dwarfs all but the biggest men. It has long been a complaint among our minor composers that their music stood no chance when sandwiched between, say, the "Tristan" prelude and the "Fifth Symphony." But as they would surely not propose that we should give up our Wagner and our Beethoven and make up our programmes entirely of British compositions, or of these and inferior foreign compositions, in order that the better British might have

a chance of showing up by comparison, it is difficult to see how this particular grievance is to be remedied.

A moment's thought will show that the current complaint as to the supposed preference shown in our concert rooms to foreign composers is unjustifiable. The second-rate foreign composer stands no chance whatever at our concerts. He may get a work or two given once, for some mysterious reason or other, but so can the minor British composer; but beyond that once or twice he can no more go than the minor British composer can. Broadly speaking, it is only the best of each foreign composer that manages to secure a domicile in England. Max Bruch's G minor violin concerto, for example, is a very popular work over here; but his many other works stand no more chance of performance in this country than the works of John Smith or William Robinson. The poorer works of Strauss, Debussy, Ravel, Saint-Saëns, and fifty other foreign composers receive at most one charitable hearing in England, as do the works of our own smaller composers. These gentlemen would hardly propose that the British public should deny itself the certain pleasure of listening to fine foreign music that it greatly loves for the doubtful pleasure of listening to British music that is not nearly so fine. All they can do, then, is to let their little works make the best fight they can in a concert room against the bigger works of Bach, Beethoven, Wagner, Strauss and the rest; and if they are beaten, again it is their own fault. Their remedy is to write bigger music themselves. They cannot complain of not getting performances. I do not contend, of course, that every British composer has an opportunity of hearing his works. But in no country can anything like the whole number of composers receive a hearing; and the list of the new native compositions performed in England during the last ten years is really a very large one, in proportion to our not very rich musical resources.

"But," runs the next complaint of our composers, "we get only one performance; the public is not given an opportunity to learn a work and like it." Strangely enough, none of these young men can see that the very argument for giving him one performance is an argument against giving him two; for there are hundreds of composers besides himself waiting for a hearing, and the grievance of the native composers as a whole—that their music is not performed—is rather an argument for giving one performance each of works by A, B, and C than for giving two performances of a work by A. Nor, in most cases, do the merits of the work justify more than one performance. Our leading composers have little difficulty in getting performances, for the simple reason that their work interests musicians and the public in something like the same degree as the work of the bigger Continental men. All that the minor composer has to do, then, is to become major. The world is really too full just now of talented composers for the general public to be greatly interested in any one of them. There is room at the top, but only there. It is no more the patriotic duty of an English musician to listen to Mr. Holbrooke's music than it is to read Mr. Garvice's novels. He may do both if he likes; but if he chooses to prefer Ravel or Stravinsky to Mr. Holbrooke, and Anatole France to Mr. Garvice, who shall say him nay in the misused name of patriotism?

For all practical purposes, Europe and America are now one country as regards music. Local reputations count for nothing: for a man to be eagerly desirous of hearing a fellow-countryman's music it is not enough that he shall be a fellow-countryman; he must be a world-figure, or have something in him that makes his becoming

a world-figure probable. There is not a figure of this kind in music to-day whose work as a whole does not justify his being one; the local and sectional composers—such as Pfitzner or Sommer in Germany, Rebikoff or Arensky in Russia, Vaughan Williams or Graham Peel in England—are capable enough musicians within their own spheres, but are not and will never become world-figures. Now what is the outcome of all the musical activity of the last twenty years in England? We have two composers, and two only, who can really be called world-figures—Elgar and Delius. Each of these men has fought his way to the front by sheer ability. Elgar broke the University tradition that has done at once so much good and so much harm to English music. The University musicians diffused the results of German musical culture through England in days when it was hard to get musical culture of any kind here; but the group produced no composer of genius, and by its combination of conscientiousness and narrowness of outlook and its power in the press and over our educational institutions, its influence in the end was anything but beneficial. Elgar broke the prestige of this group. He was not of their circle; he had been to no University; he had studied at none of their academies. But he had what none of the others had—genius; and with that he made English music respected at home and abroad. But, if the paradox may be permitted, he came a little too late for himself. He had to waste many years of his life in fighting his way through those terrible British products, the cantata and the oratorio, to the free instrumental style in which his best work is now being done.

Delius had the dual good fortune to be economically independent and to live on the continent. Born in England of German parents, living in France, and absorbing the literature and art of all Europe, especially of the Scandinavian countries, he is a product whom it is impossible to sum up under any racial formula. Certainly so individual a nature would either have been ruined by being subjected to the characteristic British influences of the last twenty years, or at any rate frustrated and delayed in its development. As it is, Delius, while one of our two most notable English composers, does not exhibit in his music a single trait that Mr. Cecil Sharp could call specifically "English." He belongs to England, indeed, only by the accident of birth; and his case ought to warn our protesting young patriots that neither the heredity nor the nationality of a composer matters in the least in these days. The only thing that matters is his music. We do not even ask of an "English" composer that his music shall talk "English"; all we ask is that it shall talk beauty, sense, and power.

Behind Elgar and Delius stand some three or four composers with a fair following in their own country and more or less of a reputation on the Continent. The most gifted of them is Bantock; but unfortunately he is not fulfilling his early promise. He has been led astray by some rather cheap successes in the choral line. Realizing that the small number of English orchestras makes performances of orchestral works necessarily few, and pecuniary profit from such works necessarily meagre, and that there were both reputation and profit to be had by writing for our numerous choral societies, he has flung himself latterly almost exclusively into choral music. He has exceptional powers of expression in this line, and considerable technical skill of a sort. For power and subtlety there is little in English choral music, or indeed in the similar music of modern Europe, to equal the best of Bantock's choral writing. But the medium he made peculiarly his

own was capable of only a certain amount of expression, and the limit of that has seemingly been reached. Bantock's later choral works are simply a more or less mechanical manipulation of an instrument that has obviously served its turn. It is a pity, for two reasons. In the first place, his example has shown a number of smaller men how easy it is to write "effective" part-songs of the type that lends itself to the making of "points" at Competition Festivals; and as a consequence the writing of part-songs is rapidly degenerating from an art into a mere industry. In the second place, the discontinuous, line-by-line, hand-to-mouth methods that do Bantock no violent disservice as a choral composer are fatal to him as an instrumental composer. The trouble with him from the beginning was that his often excellent ideas were not controlled by any organic sense of logic and continuity; he was always a rather weak builder. His facile choral successes are simply confirming him in his worst weaknesses in this respect. The danger now is that when he returns to orchestral composition he will be even less of a builder than he was before. One is reluctantly driven to the conclusion that there is less likelihood now than there was five years ago of his becoming a world-figure.

The remaining men can be only briefly dealt with. Walford Davies is an earnest musician, with great elevation of idea, who gives us the impression that he has never quite realized himself or even fully understood himself. It is not improbable, however, that he will one day evolve a homogeneous style of his own and write a masterpiece in it. Holbrooke has proved a disappointment to those who built great hopes on him ten years or more ago. His personality as a whole does not seem to have developed at the same rate as his purely musical qualities, with the result that his later music lacks the indefinable something that only personality can give to art. Cyril Scott has paid the penalty of specializing in the newest freak-fashions of his own artistic generation by becoming the most outmoded English composer of the next generation. The bulk of his published music is almost as old-fashioned as the hobble skirt; in another ten years it will be as old-fashioned as the crinoline. He is the saddest example in modern England of great gifts running to futility through perversity and affectation. Vaughan Williams is proclaimed by a few ardent souls the future leader of English music. As to this, one can only say, first, that English musicians neither need a "leader" nor will they recognize one, for the more variety we have among our composers the better; and, second, that Vaughan Williams, while a conscientious and undeniably gifted writer, has not yet shown himself the possessor of the one thing indispensable to a great composer—the imagination that vitalizes everything it touches. Benjamin Dale, after producing in his youth a remarkable piano sonata, seems to be willing to forget the public and let the public forget him. F. C. Nicholls has written some exquisite lyrics, but has apparently become discouraged by lack of appreciation, and his output, even in a small genre, remains small. There are dozens of young men doing excellent work of a kind—Mr. Balfour Gardiner, Mr. Julius Harrison, Mr. Havergal Brian, and Mr. Rutland Boughton being among the best of them. The future great composer may be among these dozens; and I repeat that it is only the great composer—a Wagner, a Brahms, a Strauss or a Wolf—who will have any chance of rallying national sentiment round him. The question is, then, how to clear the course for the next great man.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

[To be continued.]

Short Studies.

A SEA-CAPTAIN.

My grandfather would never admit that engineers, firemen, and stokers were sailors, although they went to sea and called themselves by that proud name. He always said that the wind, and not fire, was the care of a true mariner. He had no interest in anything except the weather, and his chief conversation was the doings of the wind. His opinion of either man, woman, or child that came into the house and could not answer as to which way the wind blew, was not very high. The fact was always known to himself, but he was never satisfied if others did not show the same interest. If they did not, he judged them to be of small account, and took no trouble to entertain them. Any kind of answer would do, for the old man would then speak according to the compass. If he got up early in the morning, which he nearly always did, he never sat down to breakfast until he had told us all which way the wind blew, although I cannot remember seeing my grandmother show the least concern. When night came, no one could go out of the house for even a minute and come back in, back door or front, but what he asked, "Is everything made fast?" If the maidservant went out to the back with rubbish, she was always asked on her return if she had made everything fast. No sooner would my grandfather see us all preparing for bed, than he would stand in the middle of the kitchen—a big, red-faced, bearded old man—and roar, at no one in particular, "Is everything made fast?" The maidservant would always answer for the back door, saying, "I have bolted the back door, Captain Davies." But in spite of these words, my grandfather was always the last to go to bed, and he was to be heard trying all the locks, bolts, and latches for some time after we had all gone upstairs. Other people locked their doors and fastened their windows at night for one reason only—to keep out thieves. But that old sea-captain knew the power of a strong wind, and feared no other house-breaker at night. One morning, my grandmother said she had heard in the night someone fingering at the front door, and the maidservant had also heard. But when my grandfather was told of this, he wanted to know what else it could be but the wind. On this occasion he loudly expressed his disgust at being "surrounded by a parcel of women that could not tell the difference between the wind and a thief."

My own wandering blood comes from my seafaring grandfather, who, after he had left the sea and settled on shore, still governed his house by a ship's rules. I was quite young at the time of his death, but I remember it well. I had been left in the room to watch him, with orders to call for help if anything happened, which I did not understand. A small fire was burning in the grate—a proof that the old sea-captain was dying, or he would not have had a coal fire in a bedroom. This fire made the room look cheerful, and I never had one thought of death. Moreover, I had a very interesting book of wild adventure, which I was about half-way through, and eager to continue to the end. Being deeply interested in this book, I could not say whether my grandfather called once or twice; all I know is that I was suddenly made aware of his voice, and remembered that I had to call for help if anything happened. Taking the book with me, I went to his bedside and leaned over him. His face was now quite pale, which had always been so red. He looked hard at me for a long time, but said nothing. I was just about to return to my seat at the fire, when he began to mutter indistinctly. But in spite of his thick utterance, his last word was quite clear—it was the word "fast." Of course, I knew at once that he was then asking if everything was made fast, so I nodded "Yes." Seeing him now looking satisfied, I lost no time in returning to my book. But I could not have been reading very long, when I heard a struggle in the bed. This sound made me tremble with fear, for I thought my grandfather had gone mad and was about to rise and attack me. Waiting for a little time to see if he succeeded in rising, when I intended to run out of

the room, I felt a great relief to see him at last lying quiet again, and to hear him breathing hard. But soon after this I became more frightened than ever, for he was now taking very long breaths, which I did not know the meaning of. At last these breaths became so very long that I felt it impossible to remain in the room, for I expected something to happen, although his hands and feet made no motion at all. However, I sat still for a while longer, but had now forgotten all about my book. While my mind was in this state, not knowing whether to stay or go, I heard a sound—I had never heard its like before—coming from my grandfather's bed; a sound that frightened me more than heavy breathing—it was a rattle in the old man's throat. In less than half a minute after hearing this, I was down in the presence of my grandmother and her comforters. As soon as they saw my face, they all knew, without a question, that something had happened.

W. H. DAVIES.

Letters to the Editor.

EMPLOYMENT OF BOY LABOR ON FARMS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Mr. R. E. Prothero, M.P., speaking in the House of Commons on February 25th, 1915, said, "whatever the farmer thought twenty years ago, he is now in favor of education." If Mr. Prothero were to read reports of farmers' meetings and Chambers of Agriculture, he would discover that what farmers thought twenty years ago, many farmers are thinking to-day. For instance, at the annual meeting of the Devon Farmers' Union, one member thought that a cause of the shortage of farm labor was that children were educated above their position. ("Mark Lane Express," February 1st.) A farmer, speaking at the annual meeting of the North Berkshire Branch of the National Farmers' Union, said: "This was not the time to talk about keeping boys at school and over-educating them—that had been done too long—but it was the time for agriculturists to press their demands." ("Mark Lane Express," February 8th.)

If further proof be required, let Mr. Prothero turn up what was said at a meeting of the Darlington, Durham, and North Riding Chamber of Agriculture, February 15th, 1915. One farmer said "the longer they (the children) went to school the less inclined they would be to work." The Chairman was reported to have said "if they kept boys or girls at school till the age of fourteen, nine out of ten would say they would not go to manual work; they would say they were educated and wanted to earn a living with their brains and not with their hands." ("Yorkshire Daily Post," February 16th, 1915.) These are only a few of the instances which could be quoted.

On the other hand, there are farmers who take up a very different point of view. For instance, at a meeting of the Liverpool and District Farmers' Club a farmer said: "It was very necessary that boys should be properly educated; for an educated laborer was of better value than the uneducated one." No intelligent person, not strongly influenced by false economic notions, would for a moment differ from this view. Such expressions, however, are more frequently heard in districts where wages are high. The President of the Board of Education recently said: "It was a rather curious fact that where wages had been highest there had been shown no tendency on the part of farmers to demand the help of the children, but where cheap labor was required, the children were withdrawn."

The question, after all, is an economic one. For a number of years the farming industry has failed to attract the youth of the villages. Most boys on leaving school enter other industries in preference to farming. Some remain on the land for a few years, and then migrate to the towns, or leave England to work on farms across the seas. Many farmers blame the educational system, and utterly fail to see that it is a lack of prospect—low wages and bad housing—which drives the youths from the villages. Instead of trying to make the lot of the farm-worker more attractive, farmers continue to pay miserably low wages and to remain

indifferent about housing. Had the income of the farm-worker been such as to give him and his family a prospect of a reasonable existence, farmers would not now be faced with a serious shortage of labor.

Some farmers imagine that if a child is set to work on the land at the age of twelve, he will be more inclined to remain. What is to prevent a boy, whose parents do not live in a tied cottage, leaving the farm when he grows older, unless it be a feeling that he is a dunce who would probably stand a poor chance at anything else? The bright, sharp-witted lad, unless he can look forward to a steady advancement, will migrate, whether he commence work at twelve or fourteen. If farmers think that relaxing the bye-laws will appreciably increase the regular supply of farm labor, they will be sadly disappointed. They must make up their minds to offer higher wages, healthier cottages, and to abolish, as far as possible, the tied cottage system.

What are the economic objections to the employment of young children on farms? Mr. R. E. Prothero, in his book, "English Farming Past and Present," writing of the period immediately following the break-up of the old Poor Law, says: "The increased employment of women and children in the fields . . . to some extent neutralized any tendency of wages to rise." Again, writing of the period following the repeal of the Corn Laws, "the competition of female and child labor continued to depress wages." A plentiful supply of child labor would at present enable farmers to resist demands for increased wages. The cost of living has gone up by 20 per cent. Farmers are claiming that the wages of farm-workers have risen 15 to 20 per cent. during the last eight years. The point, however, is that, in spite of the increased profits of agriculture, wages generally have not risen, *since the outbreak of war*, by anything like 20 per cent. In some districts wages remain what they were in July, 1914. "At Thetford County Court (February 25th, 1915), the judge said that in some cases in Norwich that came before him, the agricultural laborers only received threepence per hour. That did not seem to be a wage upon which a man could very well keep a family." ("Richmond Herald," February 27th.) There is a great deal of unrest among farm-workers at the present time. Strikes are threatened in Norfolk, Herefordshire, and Yorkshire. It is to be hoped that patriotic farmers will recognize the justice of the men's demands and endeavor to meet them reasonably.

Have farmers seriously tried to get adult labor? The Board of Agriculture has made arrangements with Labor Exchanges in order to assist farmers in obtaining labor from the towns. A great number of farmers will not go to the Exchanges. They complain that they cannot get skilled labor by this means, and yet they talk of taking unskilled lads from school and training them! The Secretary of the North Herefordshire Farmers' Union said: "The Chairman of the Bromyard Branch recently had a conversation with the manager of the Worcester Exchange, who told him that he had plenty of English laborers who were willing to work in the country, but not at the present rate of wages." ("Hereford Times," February 27th, 1915.)

Again, there is Belgian labor. Some farmers are employing Belgians and finding them very useful, while others say that the Belgians are of no use. A member of the Leicestershire Farmers' Union "mentioned the case of a Belgian refugee who refused to work because he was not paid trade union wages. He did not know what trade union wages were, but he thought that if the Belgians were not prepared to work for a fair wage, it would be better for the trade unions to keep them." ("Mark Lane Express," February 8th.) Farmers will make no special efforts to get adult labor so long as they can obtain plenty of cheap child labor.

Other fruitful sources of labor have been entirely overlooked by agriculturalists. According to the Census of 1911, over 17,000 gamekeepers were employed in England and Wales in preserving game. Surely no one intends to preserve game during the present crisis! Again, during the week ended March 6th, 1915, foxhounds in England and Wales met no fewer than 253 times. Hunting employs a good deal of labor, and often causes damage to crops by horses and dogs trampling over arable fields. It is true, as was pointed out by Mr. Henry Chaplin, that hunting societies have been of immense service to the country during the war by providing many thousands of horses; but even such a sportsman as

Mr. Chaplin will agree that the food of the nation is more important at the present juncture than sport. No separate return is given in the Census as to the number employed in hunting, but the number of coachmen and grooms (domestic) is given as 67,228.

It is foolish to belittle the seriousness of a real shortage of farm labor. It is a matter of vital importance to the nation. But it is not the business of the Government to provide cheap labor. Not a single child of school age ought to be allowed to work on farms until the Government is satisfied that all other expedients have been tried in vain. —Yours, &c.,

ERNEST SELLEY.

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF ITALY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The statement which appeared in a leader of your review headed "The Hesitation of Italy" to the effect that "Trieste lives by the trade of its Austrian Hinterland, and to deprive German-Austria of its one sea-port would also be to cut off Trieste from its only market," does not, if I may say so, exactly correspond to fact.

While the transference of Trieste from Austria to Italy would inevitably provoke a commercial crisis, such a crisis would be only temporary, for Trieste would soon come to occupy the position once held by Aquileia. Moreover, it may be well to remember that the same objection was put forward when Venice was transferred to Italy. As an Italian writer has recently pointed out, "a State geographically situated as Italy is, must needs have at its extremities large centres of irradiation, and as in the West this function was always fulfilled by Geneva, so in the East it was fulfilled by Aquileia, Venice, and Trieste respectively. Indeed, so deep is the truth of this fact, that Trieste even to-day fulfils this function, though she is separated by a political boundary and her Italian character is being vigorously opposed. Trieste has already absorbed the French and German colonies artificially imported for the purpose of commerce." Whether Trieste belongs politically to Austria or to Italy, it will always have an individual importance from an economic, strategic, and civil point of view. Nor could she ever lose all her commerce, for she will always be one of the heads of the shortest route from the Danube to the Adriatic, and no one will be able to take away from her her natural economic radius that reaches as far as Vienna. Indeed, unless Austria consented to renounce entirely the Adriatic, or to use the much remoter and accordingly more expensive port of Hamburg, which is, to say the least, improbable, she will have to use Trieste for lack of a better means of communication with the sea. The future of the Balkan Peninsula may, not without reason, lead one to expect that Trieste will become an intermediate station in the land communications between the Italian and the Balkan peninsulas. In this case, too, the anonymous writer concludes: "The irresistibility of the economic factor would prove superior to all barriers or political squabbles."

With reference to the Slovene advance alluded to, one must not lose sight of the fact that in reality the problem is due mainly to political causes. Left to themselves, the Slovenes and the Italians would freely intermingle and the former would inevitably be absorbed by the latter. Racial antagonism has been deliberately provoked by the Austrian Government in order to crush the Italians and to prepare a safe base of operations against Italy in the future. Austria, it must be remembered, has never forgiven Italy for having deprived her of Lombardy and Venetia.

Though on several occasions I have had to write about Dalmatia in these columns, I should like, if I may, to draw attention once more to the fact that by no possible stretch of imagination can Dalmatia be called a "Serb land." Though geographically it belongs to the Balkans, ethnographically it belongs to the Adriatic and is an integral part of Italy. That Serbia, though by nature not a sea-faring nation, must acquire a coast, is self-evident and generally admitted. Her interests, however, are essentially and purely commercial and economic—not racial, as some have been led to believe. It has been calculated that four-fifths of the total inhabitants of the Adriatic

present undeniable Italian characteristics. Of the seven million Slavs in the Balkans, only one million gravitate towards the Adriatic; the remainder belong to the basin of the Danube. This important fact is, moreover, borne out by history, which proves that since the first advent of the Slavs in the Adriatic during the seventh century they have in no way affected or modified its Italian characteristics. The future of the Balkans lies to a great extent with Italy, and this can only be accomplished by the predominance of one Power in the Adriatic. This Power is beyond doubt Italy. Nor does this necessarily imply any antagonism between the Serbo-Croatians and the Italians. In many ways their interests are mutually complementary, and should contribute largely to the future stability of Europe.—Yours, &c.,
ARUNDEL DEL RE.

March 30th, 1915.

WORLD WAR AND INTERNATIONAL LAW.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The following statement by Prof. Dr. Walther Schücking, which recently appeared in the "Berliner Tageblatt," is noticeable, I think, not merely as coming from an international jurist of world-wide reputation, but as a remarkably temperate plea from a prominent German, for the firm establishment of International Law in the Treaty of Peace at the close of the present war. And pacifists will welcome, not only the calm rejection of the impossible claims to political hegemony, but also the demand for something much more far-reaching and in addition to the treaty to cease war on the victor's terms, viz., a permanent World Peace Treaty.—Yours, &c.,

CARL HEATH.

National Peace Council, March 29th, 1915.

Since the luminous figure of Jesus Christ wandered on the earth Christian mankind has not lived through such a sad Christmas time as this last. We Germans must have the courage to look the truth in the face. But to be possessed of the iron will to play our part with the same heroism with which we commenced action there is no necessity to make a festival out of a tragedy. It is an inspiring thought for us to feel ourselves at one with the man who possesses the confidence of our people. In time of peace William II. never spoke of a "brisk and jolly war" (*frischen fröhlichen Krieg*), and since the beginning of the war he has never spoken of this "glorious time" (*herrliche Zeit*). His deep human feeling makes him realize to the full the sacrifices of this war, and it is his sense of personal duty and of union with his people which gives him the strength to continue the struggle to a victorious ending.

Next to the wish for victory comes to us in this consideration the thought, what can we do to make this the last war. "The last war," great words indeed, words which from the first day forced themselves on the lips of so many of us and to which the war poetry has given such deeply moving expressions. All the victims buried in foreign soil will not have given their lives in vain if we reach approximately that goal. Our Fatherland, our liberty, have no price. But viewed from the standpoint of humanity the death of hundreds of thousands of brave soldiers on both sides can only assume a deeper and fuller meaning, if there arises out of the great suffering of this time a new era in human history. There are many in Germany who believe that the solution of the problem of the last war can be arrived at by Germany obtaining the political leadership of the whole civilized world, or that the result of this war must strengthen German power in such a way that for generations to come peace will be secured. But though we may all be filled with the conviction that the victorious repulses of such powerful enemies will considerably increase the respect for Germany in the councils of the nations, we realize, nevertheless, that our pot-house politicians in their exaggerated national enthusiasm have underrated the strength of our opponents.

Those who have made a study of history know that the civilized world cannot be governed from one centre. What old Moltke said, in direct contradiction of his earlier utterances, viz., that permanent peace was a dream and not even a beautiful dream, applies, to my thinking, to a state of things under which a single people want to be the lawgivers for the whole world. If the result of this war could give us such a position, we should not hold it for ten years, and the present terrible fighting would only be the beginning of that period of great world wars which a well-known Berlin professor has already predicted for us. In the midst of this fierce struggle, the result of which depends solely on our ability to repulse our mighty enemies, we Germans must show ourselves worthy of our tradition by holding the idea of Right above that of Might. Even all our Might will only help us to victory so long as we are firmly convinced that our Emperor is using it in the service of Right. Might must be the handmaiden of Right. This is the idea of that German idealism which at one time conquered for itself the world.

The war rhyme which impresses me most is the one in

which Schiller's lineal descendant, von Gleichen Russwurm, says:—

"Let not Justice and Righteousness die, oh Lord!

Those most divine things which Thou hast granted us."

Not the Might of a single State shall dominate the earth, but Right. The domination of Right and Justice among States is, and will remain, as Kant says, the greatest problem of humanity the solution of which Nature forces upon us. He sees in international law the solution of this great problem. The experiences of this war are surely sufficient to cause mankind to reflect on this great task. If any friend of humanity may boldly hold up his head at this time, it is he who has consciously and systematically assisted in building up international justice and law. The efforts of organizing pacifism are not to be condemned as foolish because they had not yet achieved a complete success at the outbreak of the war. On the contrary, this terrible war illustrates their practical importance. Do we condemn the Anti-Duelling Union because somewhere a very objectionable duel has taken place? Not without good reason did Pastor Umfrid, the leader of the German Peace Society, say ingeniously, those who now revile the International Peace Movement are to be compared to the dying man that curses his doctor, whose advice he has persistently ignored all his life. Independently of the maintenance of our national independence, we must seek the deeper-lying aims and ends of this war in the building up of international law which will prevent for the future such catastrophes in a civilized world.

Unfortunately, Tom and Harry, who have never troubled themselves about international law and have no conception of its creation or growth, do not cease from talking of its collapse and failure in this war, just as if the forms of other laws—the penal laws, for instance—were not infringed a thousand times, often without penalty. But if all this were proved, it would not prevent international law from rising again like a phoenix from its ashes when this war is over. We jurists know that it was the misery and suffering of the Thirty Years' War which called international law into being. Grotius wrote his famous book, "De jure belli ac pacis," under the terrible impressions of those days, and the new teaching quickly obtained recognition, simply because it met an urgent and pressing necessity of the time. And all those people who smile to-day when international order and law are mentioned have not the remotest knowledge how far we have already advanced on this steep and thorny path by the Conferences held at The Hague. The fulness of the tragedy of the present events can only be understood by those who know by scientific research how far the judicial knitting together of States had already been advanced. It is more than probable that this war would never have come if it had been avoided for another ten years, and for this very reason the World's Peace Treaty must start at the point at which the work of The Hague finished in 1907.

About special issues I venture only a few remarks: the lust for war of single States may be ever so great, but war arises from some concrete cause. In our case it was the Austria-Hungarian ultimatum to Serbia. It can be easily comprehended why the German Empire declined the English proposal for a conference of the diplomats of Italy, France, England, and Germany on this issue. Diplomats are the dependent organs of their Governments, and such a conference under the existing grouping of European States could not be expected to arrive at a solution of the difficulties which would have been just to the vital interests of the Danube Monarchy. After the failure of the conference proposal the Russian War Party gained control. The whole question got out of hand and diplomacy proved itself incompetent to deal with it. What a different situation would have arisen if the first Hague Conference had accepted and put into operation Ludwig von Bar's proposal to create an absolutely independent tribunal of distinguished statesmen and scientists for the purpose of investigating and making a report on such conflicts of interests arising between two States. By this means time would be gained in such cases; moreover, States would be able to ask for such investigation and report without loss of prestige, since it would not bind either of them. The greatest advantage, however, would be found in the pressure of the public opinion of all civilized States which would arise. Public opinion would take good care that preference should be given to the solution proposed by the independent tribunal, and would not allow the calling in of the arbitrament of war.

After the failure of the Conference proposals, Sir Edward Grey expressed the wish for some other mediation proposals which could be applied immediately. If an institution, such as foreshadowed above, had been in working order at The Hague, England could not have refused to accept the proposal made by Germany. It is probable that France would have rejoiced at such a suggestion, as there are indications that she shuddered at the last moment at the thought of being dragged into the abyss of this war by the side of Russia.

It is clear that we are not talking of Utopia, as maintained by those who do not know the developing tendencies of modern international law. There are, moreover, many similar possibilities in other directions. The German people should try to understand and follow up such things, and our authorities should make an effort to convince themselves of their importance. They could easily make it understood that they are prepared to let such possibilities materialize in the World Peace Treaty at the close of the War, and thus the civilized world would reach a new stage in its development. Such a perception would help to accelerate considerably the conclusion of peace, the more so as it is already clearly proved that the aim of the coalition against us, to break up the political unity of our people, cannot be accomplished.

THE IGNORANCE OF THE SCIENTIFIC.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The war is constantly bringing into prominence the obfuscation of the scientific.

One learned pundit contributed this gem about the Dardanelles to the Sunday papers, on March 21st:—

"Owing to the fact that the waters of the Mediterranean evaporate far more rapidly than they can be replaced by the inflow from the Nile, Rhone, &c., there is always a current westward in the Dardanelles."

Of course, anyone whose common-sense had not been obliterated by science, would know that if the current always flowed out of the Black Sea, that sea would be a fresh-water lake, which it is not. Like Charles Lamb, one wants to take a candle and look at the head of the gentleman who wrote that nonsense.

The war has been seized upon by Mr. Stephen Paget as an opportunity for a display of the invincible obtuseness of the scientific mind. He published a pamphlet on the inoculation for typhoid fever, 350,000 copies of which he says have been distributed.

It is full of statements backed by no authority, which Mr. Paget repeats from "hearsay," such as this:—

"The results (of inoculation) proved that typhoid fever, in the South African war, was twice as common in the non-protected as in the protected."

Mr. McCormick, who has been joyfully pinking Mr. Paget in THE NATION, told him that the Japanese went through their tremendous campaign without inoculation; whereupon, Mr. Paget exclaims in reply, "I want his authority; and, of course, it must be real authority, not hearsay."

Mr. McCormick responds at once thus:—

"My authority is the official report on the sanitary aspects of the Russo-Japanese war, by Lt.-Colonel W. G. Macpherson, C.M.G., M.B., R.A.M.C., dated, Tokio, January 29th, 1904: 'no prophylactic inoculations are being practised in the army with regard to enteric fever.' Is that good enough for Mr. Paget?"

These unfortunate men of science seem to become mentally incapacitated from perceiving the childishness of demanding from others what they do not supply themselves; they seem incapable of perceiving the distinction between what is evidence and what is not; they seem totally unable to think clearly or express themselves sensibly:—

"And thus the blind for ever lead the blind,
While dulness claims the scientific mind."

—Yours, &c.,

STEPHEN COLERIDGE.

92, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.

THE RHINE AND THE VISTULA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Some of your readers will be interested in a recent statement made by Dr. Dernburg in an American paper in regard to Belgium. He puts his argument in the following words:—

"Geographically, Belgium does certainly belong to the German Empire. She commands the mouth of the biggest German stream. Antwerp is most essentially a German port and the main outlet of the trade of Western Germany. That Antwerp should not belong to Germany is as much an anomaly as if New Orleans and the Mississippi delta had been excluded from the Louisiana Purchase, or as if New York had remained English after the War of Independence."

A correspondent of the same paper thereupon makes the following neat reply by calling attention to the Eastern frontier where Germany holds the mouth of the Vistula:—

"Does he not know that Germany commands the mouth of Poland's greatest river? Does he forget that Danzig is the most important Polish harbor and the principal outlet of Poland's commerce?"

This will show something of the German methods now being adopted in the United States.—Yours, &c.,

W. H. GRIFFITH THOMAS.

72, Spadina Road, Toronto.

Poetry.

PERTRANSIVIT GLADIUS.

(From the French of "La Passion," 14th Century.)

Our Lady.

I PRAY at least of your goodwill,
Die a swift death and easily.

Jesus.

A bitter death am I to die.

Our Lady.

Not shameful, then, nor villainous.

Jesus.

Nay, but sore ignominious.

Our Lady.

Then, if it may be, die afar.

Jesus.

Here, where all my comrades are.

Our Lady.

Die in the night-time, then, I pray.

Jesus.

I shall be slain in high noon-day.

Our Lady.

Die as a great one of the land.

Jesus.

With a thief on either hand.

Our Lady.

Let it be hid, without a cry.

Jesus.

Upon a gallows, lifted high.

Our Lady.

Be clad at least, as doth befit.

Jesus.

Naked shall I be bound to it.

Our Lady.

Wait until your years are long.

Jesus.

In my prime, while I am young.

Our Lady.

That is most burning charity,
But for honor of humanity
Suffer that no blood be shed.

Jesus.

My body shall be stretched and spread
Till every bone may be descried;
And on my human loins and side
Shall smite me sinners in wickedness.
And in feet and hands no less
Pierce and grave sore wounds withal.

Our Lady.

For supplication maternal
Hard replies you give to me.

Jesus.

The scriptures must fulfilled be.

LUCY MASTERMAN.

EASTER NIGHT.

ALL night had shout of men, and cry
Of woeful women filled His way;
Until that noon of sombre sky
On Friday clamor and display
Smote Him; no solitude had He,
No silence, since Gethsemane.

Public was Death; but power, but might,
But Life again, but victory,
Were hushed within the dead of night,
The piteous dark, the secrecy.
And all alone, alone, alone,
He rose again behind the stone.

ALICE MEYNELL.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "A History of Persia." By Lieutenant-Colonel P. M. Sykes. (Macmillan. 2 vols. 50s. net.)
- "Hugh: Memoirs of a Brother." By A. C. Benson (Smith, Elder. 3s. 6d. net.)
- "The Healing of the Nations." By Edward Carpenter. (Allen & Unwin. 2s. net.)
- "Brontë Poems." By A. C. Benson. (Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "Nationality and the War." By Arnold J. Toynbee. (Dent. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "German Philosophy in Relation to the War." By J. H. Muirhead. (Murray. 2s. 6d. net.)
- "The Meaning of the War for Germany and Great Britain." By W. S. Sunday. (Clarendon Press. 1s. 6d. net.)
- "Perpetual Peace: A Philosophical Essay." By Immanuel Kant. (Allen & Unwin. 2s. net.)
- "The Red Gluton: With the German Army at the Front." By Irwin S. Cobb. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)
- "The Effects of the War on the External Trade of the United Kingdom." By A. L. Bowley. (Cambridge University Press. 2s. net.)
- "The Life of General Joffre." By A. Kahn. (Heinemann. 1s. net.)
- "The Spirit of Japanese Art." By Yone Noguchi. (Murray. 2s. net.)
- "Olga Nazimov, and Other Stories." By W. L. George. (Mills & Boon. 6s.)
- "The Splendid Blackguard." By Roger Pocock. (Murray. 6s.)

LORD EVERSLEY'S book on "The Partition of Poland," to be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, will give a full account of the obscure and intricate negotiations which produced what Lord Acton has described as "the most revolutionary act of the old absolutism, committed in open defiance, not only of popular feeling, but of public law." It is worth remarking that a number of important documents relating to the later history of Poland were made public only last year. These are to be found in the "Confidential Correspondence of the British Government respecting the Polish Insurrection of 1863," which M. Tytus Filipowicz has reprinted from copy which is now to be found in the library of the Cracow Academy of Science, and which bears on its front page the name "Earl Russell," written in pencil. M. Filipowicz believes it to be the copy used by Lord John Russell while Foreign Secretary in Palmerston's Cabinet. It contains 443 documents, while only 170, and many of these in fragments, are to be found in the published Parliamentary Paper on the subject.

MR. BALFOUR'S Gifford lectures on "Theism and Humanity" is one of the books which will be ready for publication shortly after Easter. Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton received the complete manuscript from Mr. Balfour a short time ago, and they anticipate that even in these stirring times the book will give rise to a good deal of discussion.

AN edition of Henry Vaughan's poems, to be published shortly by the Clarendon Press, will contain as an appendix eleven of Vaughan's letters which have been recently discovered. They were written to John Aubrey and Anthony Wood, and they add something to our knowledge of a poet about whose biography less has hitherto been known than about any of the other Caroline or Jacobean poets of his rank. Mr. L. C. Martin, who edits the volume, has also made the first authentic collation of the text of the poems.

A BOOK by an American writer, Mr. Joseph Reilly, challenging James Russell Lowell's right to be regarded as a critic of permanent value, is announced for early publication. This is quite a new note in American literary criticism, for Mr. Ferris Greenslet, Lowell's latest biographer, maintained that there was not a college in America in whose literary courses Lowell's was not a name to conjure with, and added the opinion that Lowell's critical work was "richer in humor, metaphor, gusto—in short, in genius—than any other critical writing that America has produced; and it is not far surpassed in these qualities by anything in the language."

CENTENARY celebrations often arouse fresh interest in their subjects, and there are special reasons why this should be the case with Bismarck. To-day is the hundredth anniversary of his birth, and accounts of his career are to be found in most journals. To the student who aims at anything approaching a full knowledge of Bismarck's career, the indispensable book is "Bismarck: Some Secret Pages of his History," by Julius Busch, an English translation of which was published by Messrs. Macmillan in 1899. One of the best English biographies is that by Mr. William Jacks, published by Messrs. Maclehoose, while others deserving mention are Mr. Charles Lowe's "Bismarck: An Historical Biography," published by Messrs. Cassell, and Mr. James Headlam's "Bismarck and the New Germany," published by Messrs. Putnam. The best small book is Professor Powicke's "Bismarck and the Origin of the German Empire," which appears in Messrs. Jack's series "The People's Books."

AMONG the books to be published this season by the Cambridge University Press is a volume on "The Modern Study of Literature," by Professor Richard Green Moulton. Professor Moulton is known to many English readers by his books on "Shakspeare as a Dramatic Artist," and "The Literary Study of the Bible."

MANY middle-aged readers have lively recollections of the days when the doings of Buffalo Bill occupied a large share of the time they gave to reading. They will possibly be interested to hear that an authentic account of Colonel Cody's adventurous career has been written by Mr. Edwin Sabin, and appears on Messrs. Lippincott's list of announcements. Its title is "Buffalo Bill and the Overland Trail," and it forms a volume in "The Trail Blazers" series.

AN early addition to "Bohn's Historical Library," published by Messrs. Bell, will be a selection from the Paston Letters, which Miss Alice Greenwood has now in preparation.

"THE New France" is the title of an English translation, by Mr. R. S. Garnett, of Alexandre Dumas's book on the reign of Louis Philippe, which will be issued by Messrs. Stanley Paul. Although the book has all the life and color which one expects from Dumas, and is, moreover, written with more careful regard for historical facts than is usual in his work, no new edition has been published for over sixty years. Mr. Garnett's translation will contain as appendices a number of Dumas's historical papers which are unknown in this country.

IN an essay on "English Literature in France," in the current number of "The Yale Review," Professor Emile Legouis draws attention to the number of biographical studies of English writers that have been written by Frenchmen within recent years. His list, which does not profess to be exhaustive, includes Feuillerat's "John Lily," Castelain's "Ben Jonson," Delattre's "Robert Herrick," Bastide's "John Locke," Morel's "James Thomson," Thomas's "Edward Young," Stapfer's "Sterne," Boucher's "William Cowper," Angellier's "Robert Burns," Wolff's "Keats," Derocquigny's "Charles Lamb," Douady's "William Hazlitt," Chevrillon's "Sidney Smith," Dhaleine's "Nathaniel Hawthorne," Lauvrière's "Edgar Allan Poe," Léger's "The Youth of John Wesley," Huchon's "George Crabbe," Berger's "William Blake," Legouis's "Wordsworth," and Kaszul's "Shelley." Out of this score of volumes, only the last four have been translated into English. It is strange that Angellier's "Burns" has not found an English publisher, for it is, by general consent, the most masterly study of Burns's life and work that has yet been written.

ANOTHER writer who deserves the attention of English publishers and translators, is Enrico Nencioni, the Italian friend of Robert Browning and William Wetmore Story. His book on English literature contains much valuable criticism. Mr. Story's daughter, the Marchesa Peruzzi de Medici, contributes an article on Landor to the April "Cornhill," in which she tells us that she often heard Browning say that of all critics, Nencioni was the one that understood him best, and for whom he had the utmost regard.

PENGUIN.

Reviews.

THE LAST PHASE.

"Napoleon in Exile: St. Helena, 1815-1821." By NORWOOD YOUNG. (Stanley Paul. 2 Vols. 32s. net.)

MR. NORWOOD YOUNG'S former works on Napoleon's exile in Elba (as also on the youth of the great Corsican) gave evidence of patient care and sound judgment; and, as these qualities rather than brilliance of narration are requisite for a due examination of *l'embaras de mensonges* of the St. Helena question, we may be thankful that he has continued his researches. At times they tend to be somewhat meticulous. Though Napoleon spent only a few days at Malmaison after the flight from Waterloo, the author thinks it needful to inform us of the exact measurements of the house, and also of Napoleon's bedroom. During his own residence at what had been General Bertrand's house at St. Helena (which has provided local color for this narrative), Mr. Norwood Young was careful to measure the distance from Longwood, and found it to be 118 yards, according to our measurement of "the distance with a tape." We are tempted to ask whether that particular tape had been tested beforehand by the standard yard. This exactitude, however, is a fault on the right side. Only very occasionally does the author diverge into rhetorical sentences like those which describe the menace to Europe involved in the miraculous return from Elba in 1815: "It forced upon Europe a relentless war against the power of a threatening giant. It made a remote island, outside the world of affairs, the only possible final resting-place for a man whose mere appearance had been enough to create a European convulsion." In this connection, Mr. Norwood Young should have noted that the Allies, after experience of Napoleon's untrustworthy dealings during the Châtillon negotiations early in 1814, had bound themselves by the Treaty of Chaumont to have no more dealings with him while he remained in power. Therefore, their proclamation of him as outlaw in 1815 resulted from their knowledge of him a twelvemonth earlier.

Mr. Norwood Young reviews calmly and sensibly the evidence as to Napoleon's desire to seek refuge in England, which is explained by his early predilections for the islanders as the hosts of those Corsican exiles, the ex-King Theodore and the uncrowned King Paoli. This is antecedently probable. But, surely, Napoleon, in July, 1815, did seriously consider the plan of fleeing to the United States. That view is rejected here, but, I think, on inconclusive evidence. At the time of the fugitive's arrival at Rochefort, it was just possible to get away to sea. The chances of escape very soon vanished, and then only did the ex-Emperor decide finally on appealing to the British people. I fully agree with the author that this was then the only possible course left, and that Captain Maitland, of H.M.S. "Bellérophon," made it quite clear that he could not answer for the exile's reception here. The charges of perfidy brought against Maitland and the British Government will not bear examination, though at one point, M. Houssaye tried to rehabilitate them. Mr. Norwood Young might have noted that there was a special reason why the British Government feared the escape of Napoleon to the United States. At Elba (as I have shown in my "Pitt and Napoleon: Essays and Letters") he told a British officer that it would be an easy task for the United States to conquer Canada. As that information was passed on to our Ministers, they had every reason for expecting Napoleon to attempt to fulfil his prophecy. Information as to three enterprises in the States to try and rescue him from St. Helena also accounts for the care with which he was guarded until the final months of his life. Writers who have approached the St. Helena theme from a purely literary standpoint, of course, cannot be expected to take the practical point of view adopted by the British Government. To them the theme is a blend of romance, psychology, and scandal. They forget that the escape of Napoleon might once again have caused rivers of blood to flow; and that practical statesmen had to think, first, of this consideration, and only secondly of the happiness of the Longwood household.

If Napoleon had escaped, would that event have con-

duced to the progress of mankind? Here, again, the author shows his good sense. He realizes that Napoleon was no friend of democracy; that the "Additional Act" of 1815 was a farce, immediately condemned by French Liberals, and that Napoleon "was incapable of giving the French citizens a reasonable amount of liberty. He was dismissed." If this elementary fact had been understood, a vast amount of sentiment wasted on the illustrious exile would have been conserved. Of course, this must not be taken to imply that the treatment of the ex-Emperor by the British Government need everywhere be defended. At several points it was somewhat petty and undignified. The question of the title of Emperor soon caused friction, and undoubtedly both the Home Government and Lowe were too pedantic on this topic. The refusal of the latter to allow presents to go to "the Emperor" was a piece of fussiness which came near to being tyrannical; but it must be remembered that Lowe was a poor man, without family influence; and in those days such a person was bound to observe official regulations more strictly than an influential man need have done. On the other hand, a poor man, holding a fairly lucrative post, was certain to do his best to keep Napoleon alive; and Lowe's familiarity with Italian and with the ways of Corsicans was another recommendation. All the same, he was something of a misfit as Governor of St. Helena. But Mr. Norwood Young advances proofs, some of them new, of his desire to promote Napoleon's well-being—e.g., his provision of a better water-supply for Longwood. The author's residence at St. Helena bears fruit in vivid details as to the climate, fruits, and vegetables; while the many photographs concur in making his account of "the captivity" the most realistic as well as the best balanced that has yet appeared. He mentions the fact, not so well known as it deserves to be, that Lowe, in 1818, persuaded the local slave-owners to liberate their slaves. The man who did this cannot have been either unkindly or wholly uninspiring. The characterization of Lowe, given in Vol. I., p. 316, is, on the whole, fair. It differs *toto calo* from earlier estimates of the time of those deliberate slanderers, O'Meara, Las Cases, and Montholon.

Mr. Young follows the course of events faithfully from the time of the landing to the time at "The Briars" (Balcombe's house), and then to Longwood. Perhaps he assigns too much credence to Betsy Balcombe's (Mrs. Abell's) gossip, not published till 1844. The stories as to her brandishing a sword over Napoleon and his flight before a restive cow are highly improbable. But his boyish trickery at cards is admitted by all observers. It was one of the many signs that in everything he must win.

A nature so domineering could not have put up with any restraints. Consequently, the position at St. Helena became increasingly painful, especially when the attempts at rescue started in the United States re-awakened the fears of the British Government. It does not appear, however, that the restrictions on Napoleon's freedom of action in and near Longwood were unnecessarily galling, and it is certain that if he had been detained in Austria, Prussia, or Russia, they must have been more irksome. He himself acknowledged as much. Nor was Lowe's conduct anything like so reprehensible as the earlier chroniclers stated. Balmain, who was in a position to see both sides of those questions, urged Gourgand, the least prejudiced of the exiles, to advise his master to effect a reconciliation with Lowe:—

"Make peace with him (said Balmain): he is a good man: he is not ill-natured. He wishes to be on good terms, to have you at his table, and in his society. We should go to you from time to time, and we should all be less bored at St. Helena." "Ah! sir (replied Gourgand), he (Napoleon) took the wrong course at the beginning. The trouble now is beyond a remedy."

This passage (quoted by Mr. Young, Vol. II., p. 112) fitly summarizes the whole dispute. Napoleon, of set purpose, aggravated the evils of his lot in order to pose as a martyr. Las Cases almost confessed as much. Montholon, who largely contributed towards the legend of the Prometheus chained to the rock, afterwards admitted to Colonel Basil Jackson that *la politique de Longwood* deliberately aimed at defaming Lowe and every other British officer directly responsible for Napoleon's detention on the island. The present volume does more, perhaps, than has been done in any one work to set matters in their true proportion. Lowe does not always appear in an amiable light; but, after all,

he was more sinned against than sinning; and the chief (indeed, almost the sole) fomentor of unrest and hatred was the ex-Emperor himself. There can be no doubt that, by adopting the pose of a martyr, he hoped to dissipate memories of the wrongs which he had inflicted upon Europe and of the utter failure of the 1815 experiment. Then he failed to convince France of his desire to govern constitutionally, and other nations of his desire to rule peacefully over the smaller realm of 1814-15. Failing at Waterloo, he ought to have fallen, like his Guard, on the field of battle. The cruel caricature here presented, in Vol. I., p. 35: "*Napoléon se rend et ne meurt pas*," had played its part in discrediting the Emperor. At St. Helena he hoped to recover credit; and he succeeded. That curious revival, the Second Empire, could not have taken place but for the literature dedicated to the "martyr of an immortal cause." Mr. Norwood Young deserves thanks for his careful and well-balanced survey of a question that has too long been treated hastily and sentimentally. His volumes gain in attractiveness from the numerous illustrations, many of which come from the collection of Mr. A. M. Broadley.

J. HOLLAND ROSE.

THE MEDIEVAL SCHOOL.

"Documents Illustrating Early Education in Worcester." By A. F. LEACH. (Worcestershire Historical Society, 1913.)

"The Schools of Medieval England." By A. F. LEACH. (Methuen. The Antiquary's Books. 7s. 6d. net.)

WE seize the opportunity of noticing these two books together because they so exactly complement each other. It is thoroughly characteristic of Mr. Leach's methods that the whole matter collected by him in a thick quarto for the Worcestershire Historical Society supplies less than half-a-dozen pages to the octavo which he has contributed to the Antiquary's Books. Perhaps no other volume of that somewhat unequal series sums up so large a body of documentary research in equally accurate terms; and readers who cannot afford to buy Mr. Leach's more ponderous contributions to this important subject may now procure, at a reasonable price, a very full, authoritative, and excellently illustrated summary of many years of research over a very wide historical field.

The Worcester volume is mainly concerned with one typical monastery of the first rank, in its scholastic relations. The author claims, and, we believe, rightly, to be the first British scholar who seriously criticized the legend of monastic contributions to general education in the Middle Ages; a legend which, on the Continent, has no longer the hearty support of learned scholars even among the Benedictines, and which has been still more frankly abandoned by other equally orthodox students, of whom Père Mandonnet of Fribourg is, perhaps, the most distinguished. As Mr. Leach puts it (Introd. p. ii):—

"Whatever the Celtic monasteries and monasteries on the Celtic model may have done in semi-mythical times, of which we have no trace at Worcester, and whatever efforts may have been made in the era of Charlemagne to convert the monasteries into schools and colleges, certain it is that in the times of records there is no trace of the Benedictine monks keeping schools, except for their own younger brethren—the Novices' School—and from the latter half of the fourteenth century for a few choristers and charity boys—the Almonry School. But the Novices' School can hardly be properly called a school when the Novices who frequented it, as has been shown from the Obedientiary Rolls of Winchester, never numbered more than ten, and were commonly much fewer than ten, sometimes none, and when the main purpose of that school was not general education, but the teaching of the Rule and getting it and the peculiar monkish services by heart. From the time of the introduction of Christianity into England by Augustine, education was a matter not for the regulars—the monks—but for the ordinary clergy, the secular clerks."

The many surviving documents at Worcester—especially the Account Rolls—enable us to verify this general statement. Even when, in the later Middle Ages, the Choir and Almonry boys appear on the scene, these were still few in number; at one time there were only four or five, and they apparently never exceeded fourteen. When we remember that

Worcester was one of the greatest monasteries in England, and that even these scholars had to render their *quid pro quo* in the form of choir-services or menial duties for the monks, it will be seen that the Dissolution left no very serious gap in any part of English education. At Worcester, the balance was entirely the other way: "instead of, at the outside, only eighteen persons educated or engaged in the monastery, there were in the new Cathedral sixty-five"; the Dissolution more than trebled the educational activities of the Worcester foundation.

But we are mainly concerned with Mr. Leach's "Antiquary's Book." In this he goes back even to the Greek and Roman models on which our first continuously existing school was founded—the Cathedral School of Canterbury. Mr. Leach shows us how the medieval bishopric—unlike the monastery—was essentially an educational centre. He traces the transference of the centre of gravity in educational matters from the South to the North, from Canterbury to York, and has many valuable critical remarks to make on Alcuin, the famous York scholar who finally became Minister of Education for the Western Empire under Charles the Great. We then pass on to Alfred the Great—a chapter in which Mr. Leach shows that rational criticism may be as interesting as legend. More interesting still is his picture of the later Saxon schoolroom, derived from Ælfric's "Colloquy"—the heterogeneous callings of the scholars, who earned their bread on week-days and apparently met only on Sundays to learn—their willingness to accept whipping as an essential factor of school life, even while they ventured to express a hope that the rod would be temperately used—and the wariness with which the young monk, questioned by his non-monastic schoolmaster, avoids all communication of cloister secrets. The next chapter takes us from the Conquest to Becket, whose biographer, Fitz-Stephen, has much valuable information to give us with regard to the three great schools of London. By this time we are able to note the appearance of two thoroughly medieval principles—the strict monopoly in education claimed and exercised by the heirs of school founders or by the Church authorities, and the frequent custom of providing for a few scholars as part of some larger charity. Schools were already profitable institutions, and school fees might be as well worth fighting for as tithes. An admirable instance of school charities is that of St. Cross Hospital (p. 134):—

"Besides the thirteen brethren lodged and boarded in the hospital, one hundred poor from the city were every day entertained in a hall built by the hospital gate, called the Hundred-men-hall, at a dinner cooked by the 'Hundred-men-coke,' the pottage or porridge of which it largely consisted being ladled out of the 'Hundred-men-pot' by the 'Hundred-men-ladel.' Besides 'sufficient pottage,' the dinner consisted of a loaf of coarse bread weighing 5 marks, 3 quarts of weak beer, a herring and two pilchards, or, if not a fish day, two eggs and a farthing's worth of cheese. The poor men were allowed to take away the relics of their portion with them. Among the one hundred men were thirteen poor scholars of the city school, 'sent there by the Master of the High Grammar School of the City of Winchester.'"

Mr. Leach goes on to show how this same principle was responsible for the two earliest endowments at Paris University, which afterwards developed into full-blown colleges; and how both these Parisian foundations were due to Englishmen.

The author next deals with the rise of the University system and the consequent foundation of University colleges. With this the growth of grammar schools kept even pace; we find one of our surest indications in the multiplication of inhibitions against "adulterine" schools—i.e., unlicensed ventures, competing unduly with older foundations, or ignoring the scholastic monopoly enjoyed by bishop, chancellor, archdeacon, or other ecclesiastical authority. But Mr. Leach's evidence goes much further than this. He can lay his finger definitely on ten grammar schools in the single county of Lincoln between 1276 and 1329, and he follows up this proof with a list of many similar schools which can be proved to have existed before the Black Death—a list most encouraging in itself, even though our knowledge of one school is confined to the melancholy fact that its master murdered a man for £4 in 1348. The Black Death marks

an epoch here, as in many other departments of social life. As in all similar visitations, its first disastrous effects were followed by a reaction which quickened the healthiest elements of society to a still robust life. Towards the end of the fourteenth century, and at the beginning of the fifteenth, new schools multiplied apace. In 1406, the Statute of Apprentices at last permitted even serfs to send their children to school without incurring a fine to their lord; and in 1410 an attempt was made to break down the old monopolies, on the plea that "the teaching of children is a virtuous and charitable thing, and beneficial to the people, and is not punishable" (p. 238). Such was the fifteenth-century feeling in school matters, and it calls for a most important historical reflection. The apologists of medieval institutions have constantly pleaded that the waning influence of the clergy during the last centuries of the Middle Ages, and the monastic decay which was admitted even by scholars like the late James Gairdner, were due to the Black Death. In so far as it is true, this plea is fatal to their main contention. The Black Death overthrew some moribund institutions altogether, and shook others to their final fall; but it offered no lasting obstacle to the real forces of the future. Education, like popular liberties, emerged triumphant from the ordeal.

We had noted many other points of interest for which no space can here be found; indeed, if we ventured to find fault with Mr. Leach at all, we should say that his facts sometimes jostle each other so closely as to leave the reader out of breath. But all his data are valuable; and we must repeat that he has given us not only a very learned but also a very readable book.

THE DEMOCRATIC KING.

"The Life of His Majesty Albert, King of the Belgians."

By JOHN DE COURCY MACDONNELL. (John Long. 1s. net.)

WHEN first the Prussian officers took up their quarters in the Royal Palace of Brussels, and gazed at its decorated ceilings—while they smoked its exiled owner's cigars and drank his champagne—they may have been reminded (to his disadvantage) that his grandsire was a naturalized Englishman. Those heraldic quarterings showed it. They may have been reminded that the grandfather, like the grandson, fought the world-bandit of his time. But they would have laughed at the prediction that as Leopold I. was the first founder of the Belgian Monarchy, Albert I. would be its second. No higher praise can be bestowed on this little book—written by one long familiar with Belgium and its representative men—than to say that it is a striking demonstration of the process, all undesigned, by which Albert I. has been fitted to fulfil the prophecy. This democratic King, his mind simmering with generous ideas, counting on April 8th, 1915, forty years of life, has youth on his side as well as ardor and firm faith.

One sees at the start how fortunate he was in his parentage. He would have been less lucky had he been brought up under the eye of his cynical, though amazingly able, uncle. His father, Count of Flanders, brother to the King, was a man in whom the moral and the æsthetic senses were as strongly developed as the intellectual bent. An ardent student in history, politics, and sociology, and lover of letters and the fine arts, the Count influenced his son more by example than by pedagogic precept. He knew the French distinction between education and instruction. Had he lived ten years longer, he would have witnessed (as his heroic son has) the appalling demonstration of the difference between the two.

The boy Prince's other professor was his mother. She was a Princess of the Hohenzollerns. Not of the Prussian branch, however, but of a reigning family victimized by it. And her father's fate was a prelude—on a small scale—to the plundering raids on Denmark, Austria, and Alsace-Lorraine. Both parents were alike in their high sense of moral obligation, of devotion to the public good, in their conception of a liberal education, and, last though not least, in the homely simplicity of their everyday life. There was a charming significance in the popular saying that Prince Albert himself, when he ascended the throne, did it "with

his wife and children." Our author relates an amusing incident of which the new King's daughter was the heroine at the coronation. Too young to figure in the procession, she was put into a window with a supply of "bread-and-butter." As her father and mother passed by she cheered with the crowds outside—waving, instead of a hat or handkerchief, her slice of bread-and-butter. Was there no jam, Mr. MacDonnell? Though the accident of the German birth and lineage of King Albert's mother and wife be too slight to count for much in Belgium's destinies, it gives one a moment's arresting glimpse of a race characteristic. They are German, not Prussian, those two homely, yet dignified and refined ladies: true daughters of the kindly, genial, hospitable, unassuming, unaggressive, home-loving, culture-loving Germany of the epoch before 1870—the real Germany, never to be confounded with Prussia.

In his interesting account of the army, our author describes how Prince Albert, in his seventeenth year, then recognized as heir-presumptive, studied the military art side by side, and under the same discipline, with the sons of peasants and small tradesmen competing for the grade of officer. His military training was frankly democratic. The shy, tall, lanky, dreamy, loosely-knit youth of seventeen gave no visible promise of the alert, athletic figure, hard as nails, who is now the idol of his own army, and the admiration of Sir John French's "Tommies" and "Terriers." But he was studious, observant, reflective, and exceptionally well and widely read for one so young—laying the solid foundation of the economic knowledge he made good use of when he became a member of the Senate. As the destined head of an industrial State, he took his personal, practical share in working-class life. He is personally familiar with the miner's calling, below as well as above ground. It is said that if fate had made him a wage-earning mechanic, he would have chosen engineering. In 1908 he visited certain seaside places in the British Isles, to take notes on boat-building and the fishing trade. It was said that, to avoid inquisitive idlers, he went in the disguise of a newspaper reporter. One of his pet schemes was the revival of the fishing industry of old time Belgium: he was taking the villages of the Dunes in hand when the Prussians came and wiped them out. His last achievement in personal investigation, before he became king, was his journey over the Congo territories, the story of whose horrors had deeply moved him. The Congo has felt the benefit of that trip. In August, 1909, the traveller reached home. In December he was crowned. His speech may be described as the proclamation of a national ideal that should crown the two stages of the modern State's evolution—the consolidating stage under Leopold I., the stage of commercial expansion under Leopold II. The new note in the new king's speech was democratic. He spoke in Flemish as well as in French, the first Belgian king who did so. To "the Princes, the Ambassadors, the Envoys" there present, he declared that "the intellectual and moral forces of a nation are alone the foundations of its prosperity." Peace and friendship abroad, industry at home, education, amelioration of labor conditions, the care of the poor, the cultivation of "the literature and art of Flanders and Wallonia, whose masterpieces were the glory of the Belgian people"—these, said the king, were his and the nation's ambition.

Our author, present on the occasion, says that the passages most warmly applauded were those on "the writers and artists." Mr. MacDonnell's narrative, concise, confined to essentials, light and lucid in expression, a model for popular books of its class, shows us how the idea of Brussels as a capital of world-wide culture, and resort of men and societies of men serving in the cause of humanity, had been growing in King Albert's mind. The numbers of International Congresses at Brussels were rising year by year. They reached their climax at the Exhibition of 1910—after the close of which, the Emperor of the Germans, welcomed in the Hotel de Ville, and there, by Burgomaster Max, gratefully addressed as "the lover of art and beauty," made a moving speech in praise of Belgium's progress, and celebrated the building that M. Max, standing in front of him, had just described as "one of the most precious jewels of architecture that our ancestors have left us."

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did there then lurk, all alive and conscious, a King of the Huns? Our author's opinion, so we gather, is that the Prussian spoke in sincerity; though at the same time he makes a curious allusion to the Emperor's intercourse with an Austrian Prince domiciled in the Belgian capital. The reader should place the Kaiser's speeches in the Palace and City Hall beside the French Ambassador's warning despatch, printed in this little volume, also in the French Yellow Book, and dated Berlin, November 22nd, 1913, two years after the Imperial oratory at Brussels and eight months before the invasion. Our author relates briefly how the Belgian King turned a deaf ear to the Kaiser's coaxings and veiled threats on the point of neutrality; how and why, many months before the interview, the King's fears were aroused; and how he pressed ahead with the military re-organization he had planned a year or two earlier. But by the time he was half-ready, the Huns were devastating the fair land of Belgium. When they marched into Brussels they found the walls placarded with copies of the speeches in which the Emperor, "the lover of art and beauty," Belgium's guest, had once eulogized "this splendid capital," the "indefatigable" industry of the Belgian people, their artistic achievements, and hailed the prospect of undisturbed friendship "between our two nations" as "the most profound joy of my heart." By next morning, the accusing placards were torn down.

SIGHTING SHOTS.

"In the Lands of the Sun." By H.R.H. PRINCE WILLIAM OF SWEDEN. (Nash. 16s. net.)

H.R.H. PRINCE WILLIAM OF SWEDEN, who journeyed from Stockholm to Siam for the Coronation of Maha Vajiravadh in December, 1911, shows how gracefully the office of international courtesy can be performed. His competent, rather formal English style, exhibits the impregnable good temper, the wide-open eyes, the hospitable pleasure in hospitality, of the normal Scandinavian whom we see from time to time standing in calm relief against the exultations and agonies of Ibsen's tragic population. The Prince took with him his wife, a Maid of Honor, a Consul, two scientific experts, the Swedish Captain who was "adviser" to the Siamese Navy, an archaeological Chamberlain, and a sporting Count. It was these last two who enabled the Royal visitor to delegate responsibility on the principles which underlie both good administration and polite society.

For Siam and Indo-China and Northern India, all of which were traversed by the diligent Prince, have two principal glories—their ancient monuments and their wild beasts. In a few crowded hours he must needs reconcile the claims of buildings and buffaloes, tigers and temples, the gleaming shrines of the Wat Poh and Angkor and the spreading horns of *Antelope cervicapra*. A conscientious commoner would have been distracted. Not so the Prince. He leaves Angkor Wat and Angkor Thom in the competent hands of Chamberlain Bildt, while his own pen is devoted to a more dynamic miracle of man's workmanship, the express rifle whose pet name is a figure in decimals.

The reflections on sport which are scattered up and down the book have that pellucid sincerity which comes straight from the heart. It is duty which bids the Prince discourse of Buddhism or Siam, or illuminate the Taj Mahal with a brief extract from a portion of the ancient history of India. But with what unerring precision does he exercise the moral power of choice when great issues are before him!

"For the ladies and non-sportsmen of the party the question was a very simple one; of course they chose Angkor. But for the undersigned and Lewenhaupt, who had already tasted blood in Siam and were now more than ever ready for the fray, the nut was a harder one to crack. Should we improve our minds with ancient Khmer architecture, or throw 'culture' to the winds and enjoy the glorious life of the wilds under the special protection of the goddess Diana? I must confess that we were not long in doubt. My sporting blood has never yet been tamed."

See him photographed by the assiduous Lewenhaupt at page 132, astride over his victim the "extremely rare"

Siamese wild buffalo, and then note how a wise Government will ever reserve these prizes for the proper hands:—

"Lewenhaupt and I are the only Europeans who have ever shot any of this species of the Siamese fauna. And in future it will be still harder—not to say impossible—to bring down these animals, as on account of the small number of them it is proposed to protect them altogether."

We cannot help being sorry that the pressure of a stronger claim prevented the Prince from seeing Angkor. If it be not mere perversity to think City churches more exciting than the Zoo, we may be allowed to think that Chamberlain Bildt chose the better part. Both the temple and the city of Angkor stand out, for novelty and magnificence, from the Prince's other records of sport and sight-seeing. No one could see unmoved the five entrances to Angkor Thom, each—

"a towering gateway, lofty and almost terrifying, the upper part of which was formed by four colossal human heads, all alike, gazing to the four points of the compass with an enigmatic smile. The same image, called Brahma's face, crowns all the five gates of the city. Was it intended to depict the godhead Brahma, in these terrible visages, with their great expressionless eyes, their beardless lips full of cruelty and cunning? Perhaps; but in that case it is the god of a race of warriors, whose worship calls for blood and painful sacrifices. On riding through the gateway and turning round, one is met by the same cruel smile, the same cold stare from another of the four faces from which nothing can be hidden."

The grotesque imagination of mankind has worked out here, in fact, much the same theme as Butler's fancy developed in the Erewhonian statues.

One impression survives from the reading of this simple chronicle. It is curiosity to know whether the East will continue to stretch out her hands after the treasures of Western civilization. When this book was written our civilization was not yet engaged in breaking itself to pieces. The Siamese could not doubt that a Swedish naval adviser would do wonders with their wooden fleet of dragon boats, and teach their guns to sing another and a nobler tune. Indo-China had no second thoughts about providing a hundred and thirty-six varieties of *hors-d'œuvres* for the amiable Chamberlain and his party. Native instruments did their best to attune themselves to the loftier harmonies of the Swedish National Anthem. From Germany, the Siamese had begun to acquire the military step, from us she had learned the milder discipline of the Boy Scout movement, and the King himself had formed the Wild Tigers Club, which prolongs the romance of scouting for the special benefit of "the official class" up to the age when rheumatism or obesity prohibit a "general 'rush-up' in English style à la Baden Powell."

What do these contemplative people think now? The Wild Tigers have already provoked the jealous army to a conspiracy against the King which was betrayed in the nick of time. While Europeans are melting down not only their ploughshares but their penholders for the uses of war, the Siamese will have leisure to assimilate one of our most popular texts: "By their fruits ye shall know them."

THE POWER OF SINCERITY.

"The Invisible Event." By J. D. BERESFORD. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 6s.)

WITH this last part of his Trilogy, Mr. Beresford brings to a finish his story of the "Life of Jacob Stahl." The two preceding volumes, "The Early History" and "The Candidate for Truth," though highly eulogized by critics, have not, we believe, received a tithe of the attention they merit from the public. Why this is so, in face of the unbounded popularity of Mr. Arnold Bennett's domestic chronicles, is obvious. Mr. Bennett employs a larger canvas, a richer sense of atmosphere and local coloring, a craftier art of stage management, and a more flexible and resourceful gift of characterization. Add that his pages and chapters abound in picturesque variety and humor, and you will know why Mr. Bennett has captured the readers of two continents, while Mr.

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Beresford's work is still comparatively unknown. Nevertheless, "The Invisible Event" holds one's attention in as close a grip and moves one's admiration as much as does "Hilda Lessways," in spite of grey lines, uniform tone, and lack of characteristic contrast. Asking why this should be, one concludes that Mr. Beresford's quiet, restrained realism is a lesson in the art of sincerity. The theme of this final part is the debate and struggle between the heroine, Betty Gale and Jacob Stahl as to whether she shall brave public opinion and take up her life with him, despite the fact that the wife whom he has left has refused to divorce him. An impossible subject for an English novelist, people may say hastily, forgetting Meredith's "One of Our Conquerors." But the Church's view apart—and let it be noted Betty is the daughter of a clergyman—one may doubt whether many readers will challenge the morality of Betty's action. This means that the author's analysis of the situation, and of course everything hinges on the story of Stahl's unhappy marriage, is unerring in its sharp truth and keen spiritual insight. Any trace of falsity, of tampering with the moral issues, or of emotional sophistication, and the verdict would infallibly go against Jacob and Betty. It is no small triumph for her creator to have traced with such impartial, fearless insight the history of Betty's fierce struggle with herself, her oscillations between pride and fear, her dread of the world's opinion, her doubtings of her own heart and of Stahl's depth of character.

The theme of "The Invisible Event" is the struggle of rival fundamental instincts in a woman's nature, but the strength of the author's sober descriptions lies in their fine actuality. The hero, Stahl, to the superficial eye, is lacking in those characteristics which make a man attractive or dominating; but in power of judgment, will, and spiritual freedom, he easily outstrips the successful "man of character." Again, it is the extraordinary sincerity of the analysis of Stahl's weaknesses, of his momentary yielding to depression and self-contempt before he picks himself up again to renew his dogged fight, that holds the discriminating reader. It must be this patient spiritual truthfulness in insight and emotion, along with a keen sense for character, that is the strength of the method, for otherwise, the minute chronicle of Stahl's struggle with Betty, of his experiences on "The Daily Post," of his debates with Meredith, a fellow author, and of his work as a budding novelist, would weary us. As it is, the artistic deficiencies of "The Invisible Event" come into view whenever the author forgets the force of the dictum, "the half is more than the whole." At recurring intervals, our interest begins to flag, but always just at the point where we feel that the oppression of Betty's problems in her Bloomsbury boarding-house is beginning to make us impatient, the action quickens, the spiritual drama deepens, and our attention is riveted anew on the emotional drama. The last half of the novel, which records the circumstances of Betty's surrender, of her feminine recoil and self-questioning, and yielding to Stahl's guidance in the hour after retreat is impossible, is delicately true to the laws of a woman's nature. We are conscious, indeed, that, were Betty writing her version of the story, we should receive a woman's simpler, more intimate impression of her emotional life, and that the author, as a man must do, has intellectualized and, so to say, regarded and held at arm's length, the fresh force and simple directness of a woman's feelings. But nevertheless, the analysis is unerringly true, and the author has admirably suggested the shadow of that eternal and underlying discord between masculine sense and feminine instinct which fuses into the harmony of passionate love in every true union.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"The Greek Philosophers." By A. W. BENN. Second Edition (Smith, Elder. 18s. net.)

MR. BENN's book has taken its place as a standard exposition of Greek philosophy, and this second edition contains much fresh matter dealing with the early period of Greek thought. Its author has reached the conclusion that moral and religious questions occupy much larger space in proportion to physical science than he had formerly supposed. Consequently, the changes in the new edition are in the account of the philosophers who preceded Aristotle. Many readers will be glad to have Mr. Benn's authoritative work revised in the light of its author's mature knowledge.

* * *

"The Garden City: A Study in the Development of the Modern Town." By C. B. PURDOM. (Dent. 10s. 6d. net.)

LETCHWORTH Garden City has now a history of ten years, and this book gives an account of its building and of the original ideas that brought it into existence. The author treats of its architecture, its gardens, its open spaces, its churches, its inns, its children, and its methods of co-operative housekeeping, and concludes with a discussion of garden city finance and some speculations regarding the future. Although a disciple of the movement, the author mixes some criticism with appreciation, and the book deserves to be read by all who are watching with interest the experiment made at Letchworth. It is very fully illustrated.

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THE ACTIVITY IN OIL SHARES.

THE OIL SHARE market began to show signs of life when the operations in the Dardanelles were started on the anticipation that the forcing of the Straits would re-open the markets for oil to the producers. Then came the news of a real strike on the Maikop field, an area which, so far, has proved woefully disappointing to the investor, and several of the Maikop shares which were almost at rubbish-heap prices have advanced by 6d. or so per share. Very few investors, however, seem to have been attracted into the market, which is hardly surprising in view of its past. There must be a large number of people who are "nursing" oil shares bought at higher prices, and if the present rise goes any distance they would probably be well advised to get rid of non-producing or non-dividend paying shares, for one swallow does not make a summer.

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THE Seventeenth Ordinary General Meeting of this Company was held on March 31st at The Baltic, St. Mary Axe, E.C., Sir Owen Philipps, K.C.M.G., presiding.

The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the report, said he was pleased that the directors were again able to present such a satisfactory statement. In reviewing the accounts for 1914 they found that the Company was now participating more fully from the capital employed in increasing its facilities, which capital had been carefully sunk in the Company's enterprises during the past two years. This capital had been largely expended in the creation of new tankage, and they had during 1914 completed the third deep-water pier alongside which the largest sized tank steamers could be accommodated. They had in addition three jetties, and had lately seized the opportunity of deepening the berth of the second jetty, so that they could now deal with steamers drawing as much as 40 feet at low tide. The effect of the war on their business it was difficult for them to foresee. When they came to consider the dislocation of many of the trades with which the oil and petrol supply were connected, they could only regard the outlook with some degree of uncertainty. It was true that the present accounts did not indicate any setback in the Company's affairs; in fact, they had the best set of accounts which it had been his privilege to present. But at the same time they were unable to gauge the effect of war conditions upon the arrivals of supplies of petroleum in this country. They had still a considerable programme before them in the way of extensions. He should like to say that one development in progress was a fully-equipped and up-to-date crude oil refinery which, when completed, would be of enormous service to their numerous customers. Another development from which they considered they were entitled to expect great future benefits lay in the leasing of some of their surplus freehold land. With the extensions which were now in full working order they were in a position to undertake a larger volume of work, and the shareholders would learn with satisfaction that their position and facilities had enabled them to be of considerable assistance to the national services, and their efforts were, he believed, both recognised and appreciated. Their Roll of Honour represented a very large percentage of the Company's younger and unmarried employees. Those represented the very best material they had, and it was not possible to replace them by older men. In that respect therefore, the Company was suffering from a shortage of labour, and the conditions imposed a considerably increased load on those who were carrying on the Company's work. Every provision had been made for those on active service and they hoped to see them back in their places again when they were no longer required by their country. In connection with Thames Haven some people thought that because they had done fairly well for a number of years that they had some special monopoly there. He could assure the shareholders and the public that they had no monopoly at all. But if their friends meant by a monopoly that they possessed a most ideal position on the Thames for the conduct of their business, if it meant that they had installed a great and unique installation, open to all comers, if it meant that they had established every kind of facility for the oil trade and had kept pace with every demand, and by foresight had generally forestalled the needs of traders and their customers in the oil trade, if it meant that they had been able to relieve their clients of the worry and anxiety attendant on the quick and difficult handling of an oil installation, at rates which were cheaper than they could each do it for themselves, then he was prepared to admit that they had by doing all these things practically secured the monopoly of the trade—and it was a sort of monopoly that every trader in London was prepared to grant to any great company which fairly met the requirements of the trade which had been entrusted to their charge.

LAMPART AND HOLT, LIMITED.

THE annual general meeting of this company was held on the 26th inst., at the London office, 36, Lime Street, London, Sir Owen Philipps, K.C.M.G. (the chairman), presiding.

In moving the adoption of the report and accounts, the Chairman said it was just 70 years since the business was founded, and it was a gratification to the directors to be able to recommend again a dividend of 8 per cent on the ordinary shares, being at the same rate as for the two previous years, and also to recommend that a sum of £100,000 be set aside to form the nucleus of an insurance fund. Since the business was incorporated as a company the whole of the goodwill and preliminary expenses had been written off, and a reserve fund had been formed, which amounted to £200,000, so that, with the insurance fund, the total reserves already amounted to £300,000. The profits for the year 1914 were smaller than for either of the two preceding years, the amount of the profits having been adversely affected by the great war.

In their case, as in the case of many others, the first five months of the war, was a period of great anxiety and difficulty. They all hoped that the war would be brought to a glorious and satisfactory conclusion at the earliest possible moment, but he trusted that those who criticised shipowners would not forget that it was the shareholders in shipping companies who, for a very moderate average return on their capital invested in a business which from its very nature was bound to be speculative, had provided the funds to build up the great mercantile fleet of over 20 million tons which Britain possessed to-day, and which had enabled Great Britain and all His Majesty's dominions and colonies beyond the seas to co-operate in transporting to France from all parts of the globe the great army of which all were so proud. Next to the enormous movements of troops from all over the world, which had been carried out in safety by British liners owing to the ever-watchful care of the Navy, nothing had in his opinion, been more remarkable in this war than the fact that the British Navy had in less than eight months caused the enemy cruisers to be cleared from the high seas, and although one, or possibly two, commerce raiders were believed to be still at large, he had no doubt that before long they would either be sunk or ignominiously interned in neutral ports, like so many of their fellows. During the eight weeks since German submarines had attacked merchant vessels they had sunk only one out of every 470 vessels arriving at or sailing from British ports, being less than one-fourth of one per cent.

Out of about 40 steamers owned by the company they had two captured by the enemy's cruisers—viz., the "Cervantes," one of their older cargo steamers, and the passenger and meat steamer, "Vandyck." These two vessels were taken in October last in the South Atlantic by the "Karlruhe," but he was pleased to say the passengers and crews were all landed safely. Both steamers were insured in a war risk association, but, of course, it was impossible to replace these steamers at anything approaching the amount received from the underwriters. Although the war risks' associations, in which the Government participate to the extent of 80 per cent. of the profit or loss, as the case may be, had so far worked very fairly for tramp steamers and cargo steamers of medium or low value, they had been found to throw a heavy and, in his opinion, an unfair burden upon high-class passenger steamers of high value, which had had to pay such enormous sums of money in war risk premiums. Up to the present these high-class vessels, which had to pay the same rate per cent. as vessels of low value, had proved, as in the case of ordinary marine insurance, to be by far the best "risk" from the underwriter's point of view, and to make the scheme fair to all, he thought it would be found that the premiums on passenger steamers should bear the same ratio to those on cargo steamers as they bear in the case of ordinary marine risks.

The report and accounts were adopted, and a dividend of 8 per cent., less income-tax, on the ordinary shares was approved.

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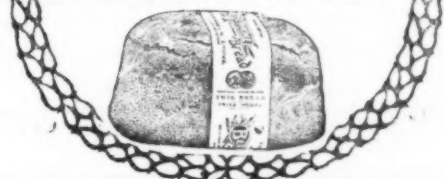
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